

A M NELSON

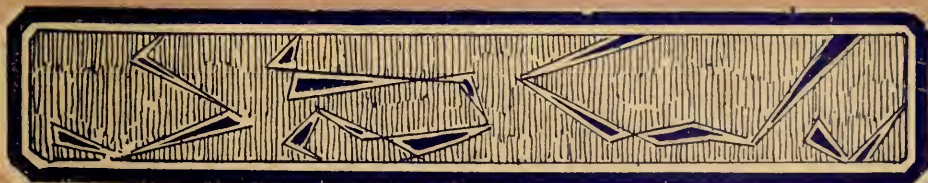


IMPROVEMENT ERA

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No. 3



ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL
IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH OF
JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD AT SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH



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NAUVOO TEMPLE RUINS

In connection with the article, "Nauvoo in 1846," copied from Charles Lanman's "A Summer in the Wilderness," and contributed to the IMPROVEMENT ERA by Harrison C. Dale, Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri, it seems very appropriate to reproduce, as a frontispiece, a drawing of the Nauvoo Temple, and a cut of the ruins as they appeared in 1853. The latter picture is a photo after a steel engraving from the sketch of Frederick Piercy, found in that rare book of travel entitled "*The Route from Liverpool to Great Salt Lake Valley*," edited by James Linford, and published by Franklin D. Richards, in Liverpool, England, 1855. It is reproduced for the ERA through the courtesy of A. Wm. Lund, of the Church Historian's office. Mr. Lanman's article is a vivid description of the deserted city and temple, written on the whole in a sympathetic vein. It will prove interesting to the readers of the IMPROVEMENT ERA because it gives the thought of a prominent writer of the period, who recorded his impressions while the temple was still standing as it had been left by the fleeing Saints. The Temple was constructed of easily-cut, light-gray limestone, close-grained and durable, and said to have been almost as hard as marble. It was 128 by 88 feet, and 65 feet to the square, the height of the tower, from the ground to the top of the spire (which bore the figure of a flying herald sounding a trumpet) being 165 feet, as stated by Dr. Talmage, in *The House of the Lord*. It was two and a half stories high. It had thirty hewn pilasters, at the bases of which were crescent moons. The capitals of these pilasters were formed by suns in the shape of human faces, in bold relief, ornamented with rays of light surmounted with two hands holding trumpets. Pictures of these stones have appeared on several occasions in the ERA. Above the capitals was a cornice or frieze of thirty star-stones. The building faced the west, and above the center door appeared the inscription: "The House of the Lord. Built by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Holiness to the Lord." The Temple was begun in 1841, completed in 1846, and is said to have cost upwards of one million dollars. It was partly destroyed by fire in 1848, and gradually fell into decay and ruin, until most of the walls were leveled by a tornado, in the fall of 1850, the ruins which we present in this number being all that was left in 1853. The stones of which it was built were used by the settlers, and are found to this day in buildings along the Mississippi between Burlington and St. Louis, not one stone being left upon another on the original site.—EDWARD H. ANDERSON.



THE NAUVOO TEMPLE

From a drawing by W. Murphy, copyrighted and published in 1868, and in Talmage's *House of the Lord*, in 1912.

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Nauvoo in 1846*

FROM CHARLES LANMAN, "A SUMMER IN THE WILDERNESS"*
(CONTRIBUTED BY HARRISON C. DALE)

* Rock Island, July, 1846.

On my way up the Mississippi, I tarried a few hours at the far-famed city of Nauvoo: and when I resumed my course, I felt like one just awakened from an incomprehensible dream. * * *

The "Mormon" city occupies an elevated position, and, as approached from the south, appears capable of containing a hundred thousand souls. But its gloomy streets bring a most melancholy disappointment. Where lately resided no less than twenty-five thousand people, there are not to be seen more than about five hundred; and these, in mind, body, and purse, seem to be perfectly wretched. In a walk of about ten minutes, I counted several hundred chimneys, which were all at least that number of families had left behind them as memorials of their folly and the wickedness of their persecutors. When this city was in its glory, every dwelling was surrounded with a garden, so that the corporation limits were unusually extensive; but now all the fences are in ruin, and the lately crowded streets actually rank with vegetation. Of the houses left standing, not more than one out of every ten is occupied, excepting by the spider and the toad. Hardly a window retained a whole pane of glass, and the doors were broken, and open, and hingeless. Not a single laughing voice did I hear in the whole place, and the lines of suffering and care seemed to be imprinted on the faces of the very children who met me in the way. I saw not a single one of those numerous domestic animals,

*Charles Lanman, essayist and journalist, born at Monroe, Michigan, 14 June, 1819, died at Washington, D. C., 4 March, 1895. Lanman was educated at Norwich Academy, Connecticut, and at the age of sixteen began his career as a journalist in New York City. He rose to prominence as an editorial writer, and in 1850, became private secretary to Daniel Webster. He was the author of "A Tour to the Saguenay," "Private Life of Daniel Webster," "A Dictionary of Congress," etc. The book from which the following extract is taken (now comparatively rare) was published in 1847. Lanman was one of the many to visit the deserted Nauvoo, in 1846-47, but no one has left so vivid a picture of the "grandeur of desolation" as he.—D.

which add so much to the comforts of human life; and I heard not a single song even from the robin and the wren, which are always so sure to build their nests about the habitations of man. Aye, the very sunshine and the pleasant passing breeze, seemed to speak of sin, sorrow, and utter desolation.

Yet in the center of this scene of ruins, stands the Temple of Nauvoo, which is unquestionably one of the finest buildings in this country. It is built of limestone, quarried within the limits of the city, in the bed of a dry stream; and the architect, named Weeks, and every individual who labored upon the building, were "Mormons." It is one hundred and twenty-eight feet in length, eighty feet wide, and from the ground to the extreme summit it measures two hundred and ninety-two feet. It is principally after the Roman style of architecture, somewhat intermixed with Grecian and Egyptian. It has a portico with three Roman archways. It is surrounded with pilasters; at the base of each is carved a new moon, inverted, while the capital of each is formed of an uncouth head, supported by two hands holding a trumpet. Directly under the tower is this inscription, in golden letters: "*The House of the Lord. Built by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Commenced April 6th, 1841. Holiness to the Lord.*" In the basement room, which is paved with brick, and converges to the center, is a baptismal font, supported by twelve oxen, large as life, the whole executed in solid stone. Two stairways lead into it, from opposite directions, while on either side are two rooms for the recording clerks, and, all around, no less than twelve preparation rooms besides. On the first floor, are three pulpits, and a place for the choir; and on either side eight Roman windows. Over the prophet's pulpit, or throne, is the inscription: "*The Lord has beheld our sacrifice: come after us.*" Between the first and second floors are two long rooms, appropriated to the patriarchs, which are lighted with eight circular windows each. The room of the second floor, in every particular, is precisely like that of the first. Around the hall of a spacious attic are twelve small rooms, with circular windows and a massive lock on each door. At the two front corners of the edifice are two winding stairways, which meet at the base of the tower and lead to the summit,—while the roof of the main building is arranged for a place of promenade; and the walls of the noble edifice vary from four to six feet in thickness.

Estimating the manual labor at the usual prices of the day it is said that the cost of this Temple was about \$800,000. The owners now offer it for sale at \$200,000, but it will be a long time, I fancy, before a purchaser is found.

The "Mormon," who took me over the Temple, and gave me the above information, was nearly broken-hearted. Like the majority of his brethren remaining in the city, he was without money



RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF NAUVOO

and without friends, and yet, it was to be his destiny, in a few days, to push his way into the wilderness, with a large family depending on him for support. It was in a most melancholy tone indeed, that he spoke to me the following words: "Mine, sir, is a hard, hard lot. What if my religion is a false one, if I am sincere, is it not cruel, in the extreme, for those, who call themselves the only true church, to oppress me and my people as they have done? My property has been stolen from me, and my dwelling been consumed; and now, while my family is dependent upon a more fortunate brother for support, my little children cannot go into the streets without being pelted with stones, and my daughters cannot

go to the well after a pail of water, without being insulted by the young and *noble* among our persecutors. I do not deserve this treatment. I am not a scoundrel or a foreigner:—far, far from the truth is this supposition. My grandfather, sir, was killed at the battle of Yorktown, as an officer of the glorious Revolution: my own father, too, was also an American army officer during the last war; and all my kindred have ever been faithful to the upright laws of the government. Knowing, therefore, these things to be true, and knowing, too, that I am an honest man, it is very hard to be treated by my fellow-men as a ‘vagabond.’ O, I love this sacred Temple, dearly, and it makes me weep to think that I must soon leave it to the tender mercies of the *Christian* world.”

Thus far had this poor man proceeded, when his utterance was actually choked with tears, * * * and my own heart was affected by his piteous tale * * * He was called to attend to a new arrival of visitors, and I was left alone in the belfry of the Temple.

Then it was that I had an opportunity to muse upon the superb panorama which met my gaze on every side. I was in a truly splendid temple,—that temple in the center of a desolate city,—and that city in the center of an apparently boundless wilderness. To the east lay in perfect beauty the grand prairie of Illinois, reaching to the waters of Michigan; to the north and south faded away the winding Mississippi; and, on the west, far as the eye could reach, was spread out a perfect sea of forest land, entering which, I could just distinguish a caravan of exiled “Mormons,” on their line of march to Oregon and California. As before remarked, when I went forth from out the massy porches of the “Mormon” Temple, to journey deeper into the wilderness, I felt like one awakened from a dream.

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY, ST. LOUIS, MO.



A SCENE IN NAUVOO; THE TEMPLE IN THE DISTANCE

The Home Field

A Mutual Improvement Story for Parents and Officers

BY NEPIHI ANDERSON, AUTHOR OF, "ADDED UPON," "STORY OF CHESTER LAWRENCE," ETC.

I

The dusk of a summer evening deepened over the village of Taborton, when the forms of four small boys could be seen stealthily approaching Shoemaker Jacobson's house. This house was situated around the corner from the main thoroughfare on a side street. The front room, which served as the village shoemending shop, was near the sidewalk. The other rooms sloped in a series of lean-to additions well into the lot.

"Is he in?" whispered the rear boy.

"Yep; there's his light," replied the leader as he peeped around a corner of the fence. "Listen, he's mendin' shoes yet."

"Hen, it's your turn to put it on," said the largest of the boys to the one next to him.

"No, it's Reddy's turn," explained Hen. "Last night I put it on ol' man Parson's."

"Shucks, he don't count," ruled the leader. "When it comes to tick-tackin', this is the only place that amounts to anything."

"Well, I ain't afraid; come on."

The boys paused at the gate. This gate was the most substantial one in the village, fitting well in a high picket fence. Hen gently tried the gate. It was securely fastened with chain and padlock.

"Gee, fellers, look here!"

The four conspirators came close and examined carefully the latest move of Shoemaker Jacobson against his tormentors. This called for a council of war, and the boys withdrew to the other side of the street to talk it over.

Of late there had not been many thrills in their fun. Perhaps the hot weather had made grown people too lazy to move fast, especially at night after their day's work. Of the two evils, putting up quietly with the devilment of the boys, or chasing them over the town to catch them, most of the people decided that to "grin" and bear it was the wiser plan. Not so, however, with Shoemaker Jacobson. He retaliated with all his might on his enemies, and it was remarkable how swiftly his little old thin legs could get over the ground when he had a fleeing boy to lead him on. He lay in wait for the disturbers of his peace, so it was

necessary for the boys to plan carefully and approach skillfully the old man's stronghold, all of which added zest to their "fun."

"He thinks we can't git in," remarked William Staley, otherwise Bill or more often Shorty.

"Huh, we'll show him," said the boy known to his mother as Clarence but to the boys as Reddy—because of his hair.

The tallest of the boys had been christened Solomon Johnston, one Sunday afternoon in the meetinghouse, some twelve years ago; but only last summer down by the swimming hole his spindly legs had received the attention of an older boy, and henceforth he was known as Skinny.

The conference lasted for fully ten minutes. Then the light was seen to disappear from the shoemaker's front room, and presently appear in his bedroom. He was going to bed early, secure in the efficacy of the pad-lock and chain.

The boys waited until the light went out for good. They would "get it back on him," by letting him get to bed before they began their pranks. Then they all crept up close to the side fence, and Hen was helped over. He tip-toed across the strip of grass, around by the currant bushes, and then stood up by the window. He listened for a moment, then finding all still within, he dug the point of his fishhook well into the upper part of the sash so that the nail tied in the cord a few inches from it would strike the glass. Carefully playing out the ball of twine as he retreated, he passed it over a branch of a tree, then over the fence to the boys.

When Hen had safely returned from his hazardous part of the game, they waited again a few minutes, gloating over the coming excitement. Skinny tested the cord to see if the tick-tack worked properly. He lifted the nail gently, then let it fall back on the glass with a light tap. Fine! Tap, tap, tap! then a pause; again tap, tap, tap, a little harder, and louder; tap, tap, tap.

Presently the window blind went up and the figure of the shoemaker could be dimly seen behind the window. The boys knew that they were safe yet, for that window was never opened winter or summer. Tap, tap, tap, went the nail, defiantly, as it were, nearly in the old man's face. Tap, tap, tap, and he could not prevent it unless he came out at the door.

Then they heard him shouting to them, but they bravely persisted until they saw a light and they heard the door open. With a strong pull the hook came away and the boys retreated with their battery in good order. However, as far as the boys could tell, the shoemaker did not leave his door step. The light went out again, and the boys crept back to their former position.

"Let's give it to him again," suggested Reddy.

"Let's."

"It's your turn, Reddy:" whereupon, Clarence Brown, it must

be admitted, with some fear and trembling was boosted over the fence right into the grasp of their wily old enemy.

"Jeg skal laera dig—du—"

Reddy's yells rang out in the stillness of the night, striking terror to the other three who scampered away as fast as their legs could carry them. Reddy squirmed from the shoemaker's grasp, leaped like a cat over the fence, and darted down the street.

"He's coming, he'll catch ye," he yelled in warning, as he and Skinny left the street and started cross-lots through the field to the other end of town. Hen and Shorty separated, one going up the street homeward, the other climbing the hill to the east of the village. The shoemaker stood for some time in the middle of the road, shaking his fist first in one direction and then in another and muttering his strange foreign maledictions. Then he went slowly back into the house.

Half an hour later the four boys met at their usual rendezvous behind Bishop Brown's barn. They were out of breath with running and excitement.

"Did he hurt ye, Reddy?"

"Naw, not a bit."

"He chased me half way up the hill," declared Shorty.

"I thought he was follering me," said Hen.

"Gee, it's fun."

"You bet," agreed the others, though their teeth had not stopped chattering.

What's that?—Someone moved in the shadow towards the road. Was the old man trailing them to their lair? They had had enough for one night. Why didn't Shoemaker Jacobson go to bed, and let them alone? Sh—. The boys edged around the hay stack to the corral bars, then darted out on the sidewalk, nearly running into, not the old shoemaker, but Wentworth Jones, one of the young men of the village.

"Here, you rascals," he asked, goodnaturedly, "what are you up to?"

Wentworth was a good fellow who "took" well with the boys. He had lately returned from a mission. The added dignity which had come to him through his mission was not of the kind which the boys resented; and so these four boys walked along with him that evening and boasted to him of their night's adventures in typical boyish fashion. He did not scold them, nor try to give them good advice. He was not in the humor for that. One by one the boys slipped into their homes, and, with well-acted innocence of any act which would have displeased their parents, went, without urging, to bed.

Wentworth Jones did not turn into his home, but he strolled on down the street to the corner saloon. It was the best-lighted

place in the village. Even the meetinghouse had not installed as many of the newly-obtained electric globes as had the saloon. There were perhaps eight or ten young men in the saloon that evening. To all appearances they were an orderly lot. Some of them were playing pool, the others were looking on. Wentworth, as he stood for a moment looking in, saw no one drinking. But there they were, nevertheless,—Will, and George, and Tom, and Al, and Dick—all his boy friends, and all naturally good fellows. But this saloon which had come to town about a year ago was taking the boys away from other and better places. Many of them did not drink as yet, some of them did not even play pool, but it was nevertheless their loafing place; and environment, as Wentworth knew well, would in time have its effect. The young returned elder went on down the street, turned, repassed the saloon, then walked slowly homeward. He did not go to bed immediately, even though the evening was late. He sat on the porch in the big wicker chair far into the night, thinking, thinking.

II

The meditations of Wentworth Jones, as he sat on the porch that evening, ranged from the home field to the mission field, from the daily work pressing him to his experiences in foreign lands, preaching the gospel. He had been home now nearly a month, and as yet he had not been able to shake off that other and peculiar home-longing for the mission field. And what a difference of conditions can come into a man's life within the short period of thirty days! Six weeks ago he was "President Jones," and had twenty elders to direct in the mission field. There were nine branches in his conference to be properly officered and looked after. A large number of Church members and many investigators looked up to him as their leader and they went to him for advice. Mothers brought their problems in child-rearing to him, old men came to him for counsel. He preached two or three times each week, and frequently as many times each Sunday. He was stake president, bishop, teacher, business manager of the affairs of the Church in his conference—all rolled into one; and he bore all these responsibilities gracefully and performed these important duties faithfully.

And now again to the farm. How his back had ached the first week! His hands were calloused, his skin tanned. For ten days he had hauled manure, protecting himself the best he could with high boots, old overalls and gloves. Then there was ploughing and fall panting and looking after the stock. His father was getting old, and, as he was not well, most of the work had suddenly fallen to Wentworth. Not that the young man ever objected to work, not at all. He had spoken in meeting once since his return, and that, besides his Sunday School class, had been

the extent of his religious activities in a public capacity. The bishop had told him the other day that they were thinking of putting him in as president of the Mutual as soon as the season opened. He would have, or at least should have, enrolled the boys who frequented the saloon and the little fellows who tick-tacked Shoemaker Jacobson's window. He realized full well that here was a problem equally as difficult as any he had ever had in the foreign mission field.

It was this problem which became the burden of Wentworth Jones' meditations not only that evening but days and evenings after that, until he had evolved a plan of action which he immediately set out to try. Opportunely he met the bishop of the ward on the street one day when his plans were well matured.

"Bishop," said Wentworth, "I want you to let me have the use of the old meetinghouse."

The bishop looked at the young man in wonder. "What in the world do you want the old meetinghouse for?" he asked.

"Well, it's somewhat a secret, but I don't mind telling you that I want to try an experiment with the bunch of boys who spend their leisure time in the saloon."

"Something ought to be done, sure," said the bishop, "but what use will the old house be? The boys broke nearly all the windows, so we had to nail up boards. It's not an ornament to our main street, I'll admit."

"You give me the key and full right to use the room."

"Why, yes, if it can be of any use—but what?—"

"Never mind now. I promise you, bishop, I'll do my best with the boys in this town. You said I was to be the president of the Mutual next season and I want to try a little preliminary work, to sort o' get my hand in. Another thing I desire, Bishop; I want you to trust me. If you think I'm not doing just the right thing, I want you to suspend judgment for a time. I can't say just how long but six months, anyway."

The bishop promised, as a matter of course. The returned missionary could surely be trusted not to do anything rash or wicked; and the boys needed looking after. All his sermons from the pulpit seemed to be of no avail. The young people were getting worse and worse, beyond the control of parents and all authority, both civil and religious. Let the young man try his scheme, and have the old meetinghouse, if he had any use for it. Wentworth walked along with the bishop to his home, the key was given him, and that same afternoon, he inspected the disused house.

Cobwebs hung from the ceiling. There was litter in the corners, but the floor was in a fairly sound condition. The boarded windows fitted in with his plan. The old stove could be set up

and used when the nights became uncomfortably cold. "Splendid," said Wentworth, as he looked around.

For the past three months Taborton had officially declared that each Saturday should be a half-holiday, but as there had been no concerted action on the part of those responsible for the movement to provide something to do for the boys thus set free from labor, the net results so far had been a larger attendance at the saloon and more tick-tacking and other devilment by the smaller boys.

It was on a Friday evening that Wentworth Jones called on Will Smith, just as he was getting ready to go out for the evening. They went out of the gate together.

"Say, Will," said Wentworth, "I want to show you something."

"Well, where?"

"In the old meetinghouse. It's a sort of secret, you know."

Will was willing. They went to the house, and Wentworth opened the door with the key. He struck a match and lighted a lamp hanging from the ceiling. The floor was swept and some benches were arranged around the walls. Wentworth opened a box in the corner and brought out two sets of boxing gloves. Will stared in wonder.

"You see," said Wentworth, in explanation, "when in the mission field we elders used to take physical exercise, after a day of hard study. I had a pair of gloves, and when I was in the city the other day I bought another pair. Here, put them on and let's have a try." We haven't a room large enough at the house, and I got the bishop to let me use the old meetinghouse."

"What, for boxing?"

"I didn't tell him what for, Will—now, look out for your nose."

They sparred, not very scientifically. They soon came to the rough and tumble stage and Will was making too much noise.

"Not so loud, Will," admonished the other. "We don't want to draw a crowd." They went at it more quietly.

"Say, this is great," remarked Will.

"Fun, isn't it?"

"Sure! There, I landed you a good one."

They sat down to rest. "Bring the bunch in tomorrow afternoon," suggested Went, "and let's see what they can do. We'll have to be careful, though and not make a rough house."

The missionary looked carefully over his home field, decided he had made a good beginning with Will, so he made a definite appointment with him to bring the "other fellows" along the next afternoon. They were all there. The meetinghouse stood well back from the street, so that a fairly jolly scuffle would not be heard by anyone passing. The young men took turns at the

gloves, the others sitting around on the old benches greatly enjoying the fun. Between the rests a number of them began wrestling.

"Say, fellows," proposed Wentworth, "let's have some regular wrestling stunts also. The floor's pretty hard, but I can get an old mattress and some of you can get others, and we'll rig up a dandy mat, and here's room for bars and rings."

"What'll the bishop say?"

Whereupon Wentworth Jones "took the floor" and made a confidential talk to the boys. He told them how he had got the bishop's permission to use the old meetinghouse, and that if the boys would help him he proposed to turn it into a dandy gymnasium, where they could come Saturday afternoons when nothing else was going on, or on evenings for a jolly good time among themselves. When the cold weather set in, they would warm the room with the stove. There would, of necessity, be a little expense which could be met by forming a simple organization and issuing admission cards. In this way undesirable characters could be kept out and order be maintained. What did the fellows think of the scheme? Were there any suggestions?

That was the beginning. Before a month had passed fifteen of the young men of the village were in the "Gym Association," and they were spending a good many evenings of the week in the old meetinghouse. The smaller boys, having learned of what was going on, pleaded to be admitted and the older of them were allowed to join on conditions of accepting some strictures explained by Wentworth Jones, but which they readily accepted. Meanwhile the Mutual season began. Wentworth was president, but he said nothing to the big boys about their enrolling and attending the regular sessions, although most of them naturally followed their leader in this as well as in the athletic sports. The small boys, however, were organized into scout patrols, and turned over to the training of a scout master, and the "Gym" was used for many of their activities. There was now no time for tick-tacking or other street-corner mischief. In fact, the ceasing of all such "foolishness" as Wentworth called it, was one of the conditions he imposed on the small boys to retain membership with the big boys in the "Gym Association."

One evening at the "Gym" Wentworth said: "George, I heard you singing at the Mutual the other night: I don't know whether you are aware of it or not, but you have a fine voice. And you, too, Sid—and a lot of you fellows can sing. What do you say to forming a glee club and doing some practicing right here—where the girls can't hear us? Mother said I may have that little old organ and we'll bring it over here. There's a lot of good music in it yet."

Given half a chance, and the proper encouragement, any boy

will try to sing. Here was the ideal spot for the backward boy. Under the lamp by the warm stove in the deserted meetinghouse, where they were by themselves, far away from critics, these young fellows opened their mouths and exercised their lungs; and Wentworth called it "fine." He selected the songs with care, songs that were easy, and that had vim in them. He taught them to sing the parts, and that was certainly interesting to them.

And thus the boys boxed and wrestled and did "stunts" on the horizontal bars and sang their songs. Everything went smoothly for six weeks before the first snag was encountered.

III

Little Sammy Johnson came home one afternoon with a bloody nose. He certainly looked a sight, with the gore of battle smeared over face and shirt. The mother was indignant.

"What in the world are we coming to!" she exclaimed, as she peeled off the boy's waist and told him to wash his face in the ditch. "That's what you get from your 'Gym' lessons, as you call 'em."

"It wasn't in the Gym."

"Well, you learned it there. What were you fighting over?"

"We wasn't fighting. Hen just hit a little too hard. He didn't mean to, he said."

Just then the bishop came driving by. He had been away for a month on his dry-land farm, and was not familiar with the doings of his ward and people during that time. Mrs. Johnson would inform him.

"Bishop," she called "you are just the man I want to see. Come here a minute, can you?"

The bishop stopped his horses, got slowly out of his wagon, tied the team and came to the gate where the mother and the boy were awaiting him. Sammy had gotten most of the blood from his face, but the mother waved the stained garment, as she said:

"It's a good thing, Bishop, you got home to put a stop to this foolishness that Wentworth Jones has got a going in the old meet-in' house. Here's a sample. He's teaching the boys to fight, and they're up to all kinds of capers, I've heard tell."

"What—what is it?" asked the bishop.

Whereupon Mrs. Johnson poured into the astonished bishop's ears a tale of terribleness about this "Gym business." The bishop listened patiently, indicating his attentiveness by, "Is that so?" "Well," "Hem!" during the woman's pauses. Then he drove on down towards his field. Just as he was in the act of letting down the bars to drive through, he saw Wentworth Jones coming along the road. He would ask him about what he had just heard

"Well, Bishop," greeted the young man, "I'm glad to see you home again. How's the dry-farm?"

"Nicely, thanks, nicely—but you're just the man I want to see. Sister Johnson has been telling me a startling story about you and your doings in the old meetinghouse. I hope it isn't true."

"Well, of course, Bishop, I can't say what she has been telling you, but we *have* been doing something, sure enough."

"Little Sammy came home with a bloody nose, and he *was* a sight."

The two men leaned on the top rail of the fence as they conversed. The bishop explained a little further about the bloody nose, so that Wentworth got the story straight.

"I'm glad Sammy wasn't hurt," said the young man; "but, let me say, Bishop, it's better that Sammy should have a trifle of a bloody nose now than that his mother later should have a bleeding heart. Boys will be boys. They are full of life and activity, which is not to be repressed but to be directed. The boys in our town have had no one to direct them in their play."

"Play," said the bishop. "When *I* was a boy there was no time to play. *I* had to work, and I think that's the best thing a boy can do; but now it's play, play!"

Wentworth knew the bishop's views on work and play. He did not want to antagonize him, for he wanted his assistance in the demonstration which he was making.

"Sure, a boy ought to work," agreed Wentworth; "but a boy *will* do something which he calls play, but which we often call devilment."

"That's true."

"A boy will work hard all day until you would think he is tired out; but get a bunch of them together and an hour of daylight, and they'll play ball and run races until dark."

"I've noticed that. It's the funniest thing—"

"It's just as natural for a child to play as for that calf out there in the pasture to kick up his heels. A child is close to nature, and to God, so we are taught. Christ himself set up a child as the example for older people to follow. I think the Master meant a natural child, not a wooden doll. I think we shall have to acknowledge that a child should play at something part of his time. As the child gets older and loses some of his innocent ways, he will do things that are not so good, if he is not directed. The trouble with the boys of this village is that they have been left to run wild too much, no one having taken them in hand and provided the proper activities for them. And that's what I have been trying to do in connection with the Mutual."

The bishop had no ready reply to this little sermonizing.

"It's this way," continued Wentworth: "The gospel is the power of God unto salvation, not only to the grown-ups, but to the

young folks; therefore, what will save the young from evil ways and manners is just as much the gospel as faith and baptism. Isn't that true?"

"Y-e-s," said the bishop.

"You know that when you were on your mission you had to get at the people where they lived; that is, you had to make your first appeal to them on the subjects that interested them. So with the boys and girls. You can't drive them into the straight and narrow path. You must lead them, and the leading strings must not be made of material that chafes and makes sore. But I must be going. Come over and see our Gym tomorrow night; see just what we are doing, will you?"

"Why, yes, I'll be glad to" said the bishop.

IV.

It was the "Gym" night in connection with the Mutual. It was not necessary as yet for the boys of Taborton to belong to the Mutual in order to have the privileges of the "Gym," but the Mutual officers had arranged their plans so nicely that much of what was done in the "Gym" had its origin in the regular Mutual meetings. The boys, therefore, attended Mutual to get "all that was coming," as one boy put it.

Wentworth Jones had been busy all the afternoon getting ready for the bishop's visit. The scout master had gathered the boys after school and had put them through some of their drills for evening exhibition. The older boys were well prepared, as Wentworth had had the bishop's visit in view for some time. The young leader called the bishop up by telephone, early in the afternoon, and reminded him of his promise, at the same time urging him to bring his wife, as also his counselors and their wives; in fact, "the more the merrier," he said.

The bishop and quite a following came in good time. The good man looked curiously about the old meetingroom of pleasant memories, and rubbed his hands before the glowing fire in the stove before he took the seat of honor provided for him. The boys had even had the electric lights installed, and the room was very pleasant and comfortable. In a short time there was quite a gathering of boys, and Wentworth took charge. He made a little speech of welcome to the visitors, telling them that they were always welcome and that they would see for themselves what was being done in the much-talked of "Gym."

The boys sang their best selection and then they had to give another. Some "gymnastic stunts" were then given, much to the interest of all. The floor was cleared and a game of basketball was played. Wentworth introducing it by some explanations of the game. Before it was over, the bishop was shouting with the

rest. Then, while the larger boys were resting, the scouts gave an exhibition of what they were learning in the way of knot tying, making camp, rescuing persons from drowning or from a burning building. After this the scout master made a little speech, somewhat as follows:

"We are just beginning in this scout work for the boys. We want the bishop here, as well as all our good people to understand, that this is not merely another way of wasting our time. These boys are better boys now than they were six weeks ago, and six months from now, we assure you, they will be much better still. I mean better in all good things. I hold in my hand the official handbook for the scouts called 'Boy Scouts of America.' Every boy should have this book. It is full of good things. For instance, here is the scout promise which every boy must take before he becomes a scout. These boys are not scouts yet, in the true meaning of the word, but they are in training to become such. This is the promise: 'On my honor, I will do my best: 1. To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the scout law; 2. To help other people at all times; 3. To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight. The scout law which the boys promise to observe is summarized as follows: '1. A scout is trustworthy. 2. A scout is loyal. 3. A scout is helpful. 4. A scout is friendly. 5. A scout is courteous. 6. A scout is kind. 7. A scout is obedient. 8. A scout is cheerful. 9. A scout is thrifty. 10. A scout is brave. 11. A scout is clean. 12. A scout is reverent.'"

During this recital the boys were as quietly listening as the older people, which fact did not escape the bishop's observation. The little fellows always had been a trial to him, because of their disorder in meetings:

"The scout is taught to take care of himself in every way," continued the scout master." This is what our text book says on tea, coffee, alcohol, and tobacco: 'Should a boy drink coffee or tea? This is a question often asked by boys. Coffee and tea are the greatest stimulants known. But does a strong boy need a stimulant? What is a stimulant and what does it do? A stimulant is a whip, making the body do more at a given time than it ordinarily would. It doesn't add any fiber to the tissues, doesn't add any strength, isn't a food, but merely gets more out of the tissues or nervous system than they would ordinarily yield. Of course, there is a reaction, because the tissues have had nothing to feed on. Herbert Fisher says that Peary's men, who drank lots of tea on their voyage north, during the most trying time of their trip showed it in their haggard faces and loss of tissue. Their own tissues had turned cannibal and fed on their own material. Stimulants are not foods. They add no strength to the body. They exact of the body what ought not to be exacted of it. There is always a reaction, and one is always worse off as a result. Grow-

ing boys especially should have nothing to do with tea, coffee, nor any other stimulant. Alcohol is not a stimulant, but is really a narcotic that is very depressing. It dulls rather than stimulates. The same is true of nicotine in tobacco. No growing boy should use either. The first athletes to drop out of a race are usually drinkers, and all trainers know that smoking is bad for the wind.' Bishop, how is that for a word of wisdom?"

"And now, I had better explain to the Bishop our 'good turn daily.' A scout rule is that he should do some good deed, small though it may be, each day. Our boys are making a good beginning in this, which explains why Widow Benson's cow is driven to and from the pasture every day by one of our boys; why, while Brother Hansen was laid up with a broken leg, some boys—our scout boys, Bishop, supplied him with water and kindling. In short, our scout 'good turn daily' will explain many of the little good deeds which have lately been done to the mystification of our good people."

The Bishop was quiet. "Three rah's for the Bishop," said the scout master. The boys gave them with a vim. "Now for the counselors," and three more were given. "Now we'll show how we bandage a wound and how we make a stretcher out of our coats."

There was movement again after the few moments of quiet, but there was no unnecessary or unpleasant noise. The boys moved and stopped at given commands; they were learning to obey, without complaint or whine, and what a blessing if that could be carried out in church, in school, and in the home! The Bishop looked and listened and thought. He would have something to say to his counselors, and to the people of the ward, after a while; for this Bishop, though somewhat slow, was wise and shrewd in his old-fashioned way.

As the evening entertainment was about to close, the Bishop motioned to Wentworth. "We haven't seen any exhibition of—of boxing," he said.

"No," explained Wentworth; "we are not doing any of that now. Boxing, when carried out properly, is good exercise; but there are objections to it; and as we have now so many other, and, we think, better things to do, we have gotten out of the notion ourselves. However, we can show you. Boys, the Bishop would like to see a little of the manly art of self defense—all right, you, Tom and Jack, you're about the best, put on the gloves for a couple of rounds."

And so they did. The Bishop enjoyed the sport, for the boys were good-natured about it and were not rough.

"Here," shouted the Bishop, at the close of a warm round, "I can beat that—"

He was about to forget himself so far as to get into the ring

himself, had not his wife pulled him down into his seat again with a warning, "Behave yourself."

V

The Taberton Mutual closed its season's work with a big field day in which the boys and girls, big and little, took part. The good people of the ward said it had been the most enjoyable day they had *ever* had. Everything was home made, even to some of the "stunts" which were pulled off, and which Wentworth Jones only, knew originated in the brain of the Bishop. What a new lease of life comes to gray-haired men and women when they take part in the games of the children!

In the evening of the day, Wentworth Jones sat on the porch again, thinking, thinking. There was now no gloom in his meditations as there had been six months ago. As he looked back on his half-year's work among his own people in his own village, a sense of genuine satisfaction took possession of him. He had to acknowledge that he had accomplished more during the last six months in the home field than he had during the same length of time in the foreign mission field. This his native village, beautiful for situation, with the grandest mountains around it, clear skies, pure water, smiling fields, contained a host of young people. These people were strong and sturdy and beautiful; somewhat crude, no doubt, lacking the polish of older and larger communities, but diamonds in the rough they were. And how these boys and girls had longed for an opportunity to give expression to the inborn need for social intercourse with each other! The young men had recourse to the saloon, the little fellows to the street corners and their pranks; the girls—well, there was the occasional dance, and that was about all for them. He knew girls too old, they said, to go to school, but who milked cows, washed dishes scrubbed floors and then went to bed; and then got up next morning to repeat the same thing, until some rascal of a man came and played havoc with them. The young people were not lacking in life, but it had been dormant, or repressed, or misdirected. Someone was needed who understood, and with wise, firm hand would direct the activities of the young into the right channels—and there was some satisfaction in the thought that he, Wentworth Jones, had made a successful beginning in this great work.

Someone shouted, "Hallo," from the sidewalk to Wentworth. It was Shorty Staley, just getting home. Shorty and his chums had taken an active part in the sports of the day. Only last summer, they who had been so diligent in tick-tacking on Shoemaker Jacobson's windows, on learning of the old man's illness, as one of their "daily good turns," chopped him a big pile of wood. Wentworth stopped Shorty and told him that the last time he

and the boys had been to the "Gym" they had left it untidy. Would they clean it up, properly? "Sure," said the boy, "tomorrow we'll do it."

This old meetinghouse "Gym," as Wentworth thought about it, had certainly been a help. From the singing had grown three male quartets, then a double quartet; and then later, when the girls had been invited, a big mixed double quartet, which had given a concert. Then a dramatic society had been organized and they had put on two plays. Sometimes the "Gym" had been turned into a parlor, and social parties had been held. There had been a lot of fun, without any silliness, at these parties. Wentworth had even attempted a "literary evening" with a moderate degree of success. Perhaps the crowning event of the field day, just closed, was when the bishop had gotten up in the meeting and proposed that they build an amusement hall in connection with the new meetinghouse. How the crowd had clapped their approval! Yes, the home field was all right.

The clock within struck, which awoke him from his reverie and reminded him that it was time he was going for his partner to the dance; so he walked slowly down the street towards her home.

She was at the gate, waiting for him. She knew his desire to be on time, even to a dance. They stood for a moment by the gate.

"Have you noticed what has happened to the saloon?" she asked.

"No; what has happened?"

"Can't you see that the corner is dark tonight?"

He peered down the street where the bright saloon lights usually shone out into the street. "It's dark," said he.

"Yes; the saloon has closed; quit business."

"How do you know?"

"The Bishop went past a few minutes ago and told me, and—" she laid her hand on his arm and looked up into his face—"and he told me further that one Wentworth Jones was the chief cause of the saloon man's having to close up and move away. It's true; the saloon man admitted it to the Bishop.—Just a minute till I get my wrap, then we'll go." She ran up the path.

Was it the girl's touch, was it the look in her face, was it the news of the big victory over the saloon that made Wentworth Jones' heart sing for joy as he bowed his uncovered head and breathed a prayer of thanksgiving?

A King of Western Scouts

BY SOLOMON F. KIMBALL

In Three Parts—Part II

To read certain portions of Elder Ephraim K. Hanks' life, as published in the December number of the *IMPROVEMENT ERA*, would perhaps cause those who are unacquainted with the ways of this remarkable man to believe that he was somewhat uncouth; but such is by no means the case. It will be admitted that he was a diamond in the rough. Had he been anything else he could not have withstood the terrible hardships through which he passed, during the early settlement of this intermountain region. Prob-



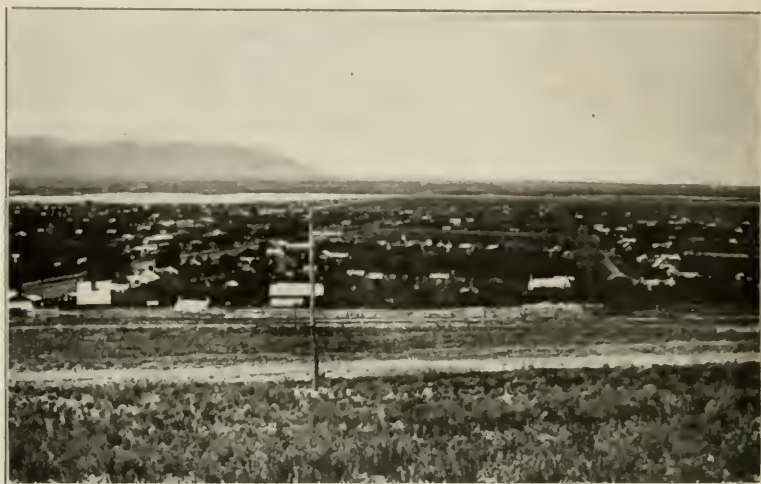
SALT LAKE CITY IN THE LATE 60's, LOOKING SOUTH

ably no other man did more for the cause of Zion and her people, along the lines in which he worked, than did he; and the most of this he did without remuneration.

The part played by Elder Hanks during the winter of 1856, in helping the belated handcart people to reach the Salt Lake Valley, has already been told in part. Before he had time to recover from the effects of that trying ordeal, he was called by the authorities of the Church to perform another mission which, in severity, was even greater, if possible, than the one he had just accomplished. It consisted in the work of carrying government mail and important mes-

sages from Great Salt Lake City to Independence, Missouri. The winter was the severest experienced for years; and for the ordinary western scout to undertake a journey of this description, under such conditions, would have been nothing short of suicide. Few men connected with the "Mormon" Church were equal to the occasion, but President Brigham Young knew who they were.

On the morning of December 11, 1856, Ephraim K. Hanks, in company with his bosom companion, Feramorz Little, after re-



SALT LAKE CITY, LOOKING WEST

ceiving a powerful blessing from the Presidency of the Church, started on their perilous journey to the East. They kept no journal, consequently nothing more than a brief account of what occurred to them while making that twelve hundred mile trip, can be recorded.

From Brother Benjamin Hampton, who was stationed at Devil's Gate that winter, it is learned that Elders Hanks and Little passed there two days before Christmas, after encountering, near the Continental Divide, one of the most severe storms ever witnessed in that section of the country. After resting a few hours, they continued on their way in snow up to their horses' knees.

The next heard of them was at Ash Hollow, three hundred miles beyond. Their experience up to this time was severe beyond measure, and their animals were greatly reduced in flesh and strength. However, they had made good time, and felt assured that they would be able to reach Independence, Missouri, on time, even if they should be compelled to walk the greater part of the way.

When they reached Ash Hollow, they were surprised to find

eight of Major & Russell's snowed-in freight teams there. The wagons were loaded with mail for the East, and in care of a Mr. Remick, who was in great trouble as to what to do, since his food supply was nearly exhausted. Eph assured him that his outfit could be taken to Missouri River, and agreed to furnish the mail



Sketch by J. B. Fairbanks

E. K. HANKS AND FERAMORZ LITTLE CROSSING THE SOUTH PASS IN
A BLIZZARD

carrier with all the buffalo meat that his men would need while making the trip. The plan proposed was finally agreed upon, and everything was made ready for an early morning start.

A large tribe of Sioux were encamped a short distance away, and Elder Hanks felt impressed to visit them. As soon as he reached their camp he made his way to the chief's tent, where he found no one present except an elderly female. Soon, however, the chief came, and the lodge was filled with representative members of the tribe. As Ephraim took his place among them, the chief wanted to know who he was, and where he had come from. Elder Hanks answered that he lived in the mountains and belonged to the people who had pulled handcarts across the plains, that his chief's name was Brigham Young, who sometimes talked with the Great Spirit. The chief then wanted to know if Hanks himself could talk with the Great Spirit, which question the scout answered in the affirmative. The chief then spoke a few words to the assembled warriors, after which a number of them left the lodge and in a few moments returned, carrying an Indian boy in a blanket.

It seems that the boy, while out on a buffalo hunt, had been thrown from his horse. His back was so badly injured that he had not been able to move for months. The chief, pointing to the boy, asked Elder Hanks if he would talk to the Great Spirit in behalf of the injured lad, which Ephraim consented to do. After the clothing had been removed from the boy's body, Elder Hanks anointed the afflicted parts with consecrated oil, which he always carried with him, and then administered to him in the name of Jesus Christ, promising that he should be made whole from that very moment. The boy immediately arose from his bed of affliction and walked out of the lodge, to the astonishment of all who saw.

Elder Hanks informed the Indians that the company of freighters at Ash Hollow, which he was about to escort to the States, were nearly out of provisions, and wanted to know what



Sketch by G. M. Ottinger

DEVIL'S GATE AND THE OLD FORT, AS IT APPEARED IN THE WINTER
OF 1856

they could do towards replenishing their food supply. They told him that there had been no buffaloes in that section of country for months, and that their people were on the eve of starvation on account of it. Upon this, it is related that the spirit of prophecy came upon Ephraim, to a remarkable degree, and he promised

them in the name of the Great Spirit, that within three days from that time the whole country for miles around would be overrun with buffaloes, which prediction caused a general stir throughout the camp. He then bade them good-bye and returned to his camp, filled with the Spirit of the Lord, but said nothing to his companions about what had occurred.

Next morning, as the company was about to start on its six-hundred-mile journey, about thirty prominent Indians formed into line on either side of the road and, as Elder Hanks passed by in



Sketch by G. M. Ottinger

INDIAN CAMP AT ASH HOLLOW

the lead wagon, each of them gave him a package of the choicest kind of sausage, made from buffalo meat, which proved to be nothing short of a Godsend to them all. The Indians were anxious to learn when their pale-faced benefactor would return; for, by this time, they had become intensely interested in the man whose prayer could heal the sick and who had promised them meat when they were in need of food. Ephraim informed them that he would return later in the season, and as he passed that way, would call upon them. Tears were seen upon their dusky cheeks as Elder Hanks gave them another parting shake of the hand and bade them farewell.

Messrs. Remick & Little asked to know what all this meant, as this was the first time that they ever had known the Indians to give food away, and especially in times of famine. Eph told the boys that he had always been kind to the Redmen of the plains, and that they were a class of people who never overlooked a kind act.

This answer did not satisfy his companions, as they were fully convinced that something of an unusual nature must have occurred the night before between Hanks and the Indians.

On these long and tedious journeys across the plains, Elder Hanks was often blessed with impressive dreams and inspirations that proved of great benefit to him on numerous occasions. The predictions he made, while journeying from Ash Hollow to Fort Kearney, were so literally fulfilled in every instance that Captain



INDIAN SQUAWS OF THE PLAINS

Remick, on more than one occasion, declared him to be a man of very unusual foresight.

One night, soon after leaving Ash Hollow, Eph dreamed that his company had all the fresh bison that they could take care of, and that even their animals joined them in the feast. The next morning, he predicted that such would be the case. He was ridiculed by the crowd, who said that such a thing as mules eating fresh meat was nonsense in the extreme.

The next day the boys began to taunt Eph about his ridiculous prediction, but he took it all in good part, at the same time reiterating what he had predicted the day before. That evening, as he was looking for a camping ground, he spied and killed a big buffalo bull near a small stream of water. When the teams drove up, the boys could hardly believe their own eyes. All admitted that that part of the prediction had been fulfilled, but the other part, relating to their mules enjoying the feast, never would be. That evening the cook filled a large camp kettle with fresh bison that

had been cut into small pieces. As he did so he mixed plenty of flour with it. The fire was booming, the kettle was boiling, and before the cook was aware of it, the pot of stew was burned. The cook, not over good-naturally, dumped the meat out on the ground. After smothering the hungry freighters with his apologies, he soon started another pot of meat boiling. By this time the hungry animals began to stroll into camp and soon discovered the burned stew scattered over the ground. They made a rush for it, and in a short time the mules cleaned up everything, meat and all. Each man looked at the other in wonderment, while Eph looked on and smiled.



EPH. K. HANKS

A day or two later Eph told his companions that they would cross a river that

day, and if they would do as he told them they would not get wet.

"What is that, Mr. Wizard?" asked Captain Remick, thinking, of course, that Hanks intended to play some practical joke upon them. However, they soon came to the river, and as Mr. Remick was driving over the ice, Eph called to him to halt, but Mr. Remick, thinking that it was all meant for a joke, continued on his way. He had not gone far, when down went his wagon, mules and all, in water up to the wagon bed. No one was hurt, but Mr. Remick and several of his teamsters were drenched to the skin before they reached shore.

When the company arrived within twenty-five or thirty miles of Fort Kearney, Captain Remick said to Eph, "What next, Mr. Prophet?"

"You will go into Fort Kearney blindfolded," was the reply.

"Will I get sick?" asked Mr. Remick.

"No; you will simply ride into the Fort blindfolded."

"When the sun came out bright, the next day, the reflection on the snow was so great that Captain Remick and several of the teamsters became so snow blind that they were compelled to bandage their eyes, so intense was the pain.



FERAMORZ LITTLE

The officer at Fort Kearney informed Mr. Remick that it would be impossible to go any farther with the mail on account of



GROUP OF INDIANS OF THE PLAINS

Top Row: Pacer, Stumbling Bear, Woman's Heart. Center Row: Powder Face, Big Bow. Bottom Row: Horseback, Lone Wolf, Brown Bear.

the deep snow; whereupon the captain remarked, "We can go through all right, as we are being piloted by a man who can take us anywhere." The officer said, "Very well, Captain, if that is so, go ahead and we will furnish you with such things as you need."

The company then continued on their way in snow almost two feet deep and arrived at Independence, Missouri, February 27, 1857, the Salt Lake boys having been on the road just seventy-eight days.

As soon as they reached their destination they were dumbfounded to find the air filled with rumors of war, and government agents scurrying over the country in every direction, buying supplies for Johnston's army, who were about to march against the "Mormons," who had, according to Judge Drummond's untruthful stories, destroyed the Supreme court records of Utah.

We next hear of Elders Hanks and Little in a letter published in the New York *Herald*, under date of April 15, 1857, and signed by the latter. The first paragraph is as follows:

"As myself and Mr. E. K. Hanks are the last persons who have come to the States from Great Salt Lake City, I deem it my duty to bear testimony against the lying scribblers who seem to be doing their utmost to stir up a bad feeling against the Utonians. We left our homes on the 11th of December, brought the last mail to the States, and certainly should know of the state of things there. The charges of Judge Drummond are as false as he is corrupt. Before I left for the States, I was five days every week in Great Salt Lake City, and I witness to all the world that I never heard one word of the burning of nine hundred volumes of law, records, etc., nor anything of that character, nor do I know, or even heard, of anything of the dumb-boy story he talks of."

Elders Hanks and Little remained in the States for several months, and after gathering what information they could concerning the Johnston army they started for home about the first of June, with three wagons loaded with mail. When they arrived in the neighborhood of Ash Hollow, the mountaineers in that vicinity wanted to know what they had done for the Indians to cause such a stir among them. They said that the Redmen had been inquiring after them for the last month or two, and had been going up and down the country for miles looking for them. Eph asked the men if they had seen any buffaloes since he left there, several months before. Their answer was: "Yes; about three days after you left, one of the largest herds of bison that has been seen in this part of the country for a long time passed by here, and they came just in time to save us from starvation, as our food supply was nearly gone." The moment Elder Hanks made his appearance among the Ash Hollow Indians, the news spread throughout their camp like wildfire, and the whole tribe turned out *en masse*,

Warring Redmen wept for joy; the women danced with gladness; Shouts from Redskins rent the air, that vanished care and sadness.



This is one of the big trees of California, and is an accurate engraving from a photograph. The tree is alive and is enjoying the best of health. The scar which admitted the bacteria was caused by a forest fire.

Life in a Tree Trunk

BY D. W. PARRATT

"Is the woody part of an old tree trunk alive all the way through?"

A little lad sprung this question on his big brother the other evening. "Where did you get that notion from?" asked the elder.

"From school," came the reply.

"Well," said the brother, somewhat surprised, "are you alive all the way through?"

"Certainly," replied the boy.

"Then, so is a big tree trunk," concluded the young man.

Next morning little Thad triumphantly returned to school with the question solved. Imagine his feelings when the teacher announced that nothing more would be said about the tree question until every person in the room had seen a certain tree upon the school grounds. "This tree," said the good lady, "may give you the proper answer to the question. See if you can all find the tree and from it the answer."

"I know the answer now," interrupted Thad.

"All right," responded the teacher, "just keep it a secret until all have seen the tree."

The first recess period witnessed the boys and girls examining every tree upon the premises. But before long all were grouped about a medium sized poplar in front of the building. They had found the tree. On one side of it was a good sized opening extending from the ground some five or six feet up the trunk. This opening showed that the trunk was completely hollow, and yet the tree on the outside was apparently as alive as could be.

Thad looked dumfounded, as he gazed at the hollow center. He could plainly see that this live tree was dead on the inside and was not alive all the way through like he was.

While the pupils were thus engaged, the teacher was busy writing the following questions upon the blackboard ready to continue the work:

"1. Which part of the tree is the more alive, and why do you think so?

"2. Which part is less alive, and why do you think so?

"3. Are all big trees rotten at the inside? Why do you think so? Which are and which are not?

"4. Are all trees, big and little, alive throughout their trunks? If not, which are? Which are not?

"5. Which is better for the tree, a solid center or a decayed center? Why?

"6. What is meant by filling a tree?"

The first two questions were, of course, readily answered for all could easily see that the inside of the tree in front of the school was perfectly dead and rotted away. Only the outside of the trunk remained and since the tree was still alive this must be the live part. Someone, too, remarked that when the outside of a tree is cut all the way around the tree dies. "This," he said, "proves that the outside is the live part." After further discussion it was concluded that all big trees are dead on the inside and that the sap flows through the part of the tree trunk that is toward the outside.

Of course not all big tree trunks are rotten on the inside like the one examined. If they were it would be impossible to get any good lumber or timber from them with which to build houses, bridges, and the like. Only those trees having met with some misfortune or accident which permitted disease germs to get into the inner part of the tree trunks have rotted on the inside. If you have not noticed carefully, you may yet be surprised to see how many of our common shade trees are thus diseased.

In young trees the sap is still flowing throughout all the wood and therefore they are alive all the way through. It is seldom that one finds such a tree with diseased center wood.

Trees with decayed centers are not nearly so strong as those

solid throughout their trunks, and consequently are unable to stand against hard winds. In order to help many of our famous trees from further ravages of wood-eating bacteria, all the rotten wood has been carefully removed from the heart of the trees just as decayed parts are cleaned by dentists from hollow teeth. The inside of the tree is then thoroughly painted with tar, after which the cavity is filled with cement. This filling prevents further decay and greatly prolongs the life of the tree.

You recall that the teacher asked Thad to keep his answer a secret, until all had seen the tree upon the school grounds. He knows more about trees now, and he is going to keep his "secret" a long time yet. He has since concluded that a big tree is not alive all the way through, and that in this respect it is not like his own body.

A Race

I race with the wind on a silvery sea,
Aloft on her billowy crest;
Wild laughter springs from the heart of me,
And I shout at my soul's behest.

Ah, what care I for the breakers there.
See, the white caps lead! Away!
I'm off with the wind for a rollicking race
Through the mist and the hoary spray.

The waves they lash my bounding steed
To a maddening, reckless pace,
And I sing "Yo ho," as I take the lead,
And away in a headlong chase.

And over the billows we race and run
Till the breath of the wind is spent,
Till she moans, "You won, you won, you won!"
And the heart of the wind is rent.

LOUIS W. LARSEN

Alcohol: Its Effect on the Human Body*

BY DR. W. B. PARKINSON, SEN.

I am thoroughly convinced that the only way to deal with the evils existing through the use of these poisonous drugs, alcohol, morphine, cocaine, and the like, is to remove the cause and the ignorance concerning the harmful effects on the bodies and the souls of men. As a physician of thirty-two years' experience in the field of medical practice, I hope to convince you that alcohol is not fit to be used, to any degree, or in any of the many drinks in which it is contained. The United States Dispensatory, and the best chemical authorities, state that alcohol is a solvent, an irritant, and a poison, and is the product of vinous fermentation, necessarily existing in all vinous liquors obtained from them by distillation. On being analyzed it is found to contain two parts of carbon, six parts of hydrogen, and one of oxygen ($C_2 H_6 O_1$), by measure.

Now where do we find alcohol? Nowhere is it the product of nature, but it is an artificial product of man, prepared by him through the destructive process of fermentation.

What is fermentation? Simply decomposition, decay, a breaking up of the original product. Alcohol is, then, produced from decayed vegetable or animal matter, and is the intoxicating ingredient in all spirituous liquors, including whisky, brandy, wines, ale, beer, cider, and every other liquid which has undergone vinous fermentation or decay.

Now, what is vinous fermentation? When anything "sours" or "works" it is said to ferment; take any sweet liquid, put yeast into it, and let it work or sour and you have fermentation. When it is kept cool at a temperature under seventy-five degrees it is called vinous fermentation. If it is kept warm, over seventy-five degrees, it is then called acetic fermentation, or vinegar. Before it ferments, the sweet liquid has no alcohol in it; none in apple or grape juice, they cannot make you drunk, they must "work" or "ferment," rot or decay, at a low temperature before the drunk-producing ferment is created. As we observed before, alcohol exists nowhere in all the products of nature, but can only be made by fermenting or souring any substance that contains the sweet principle, sugar. Now, can it be obtained from anything which does not contain sugar? Chemistry answers this question: "One

*A lecture before the parents' classes of Logan, Utah.

part of diastase mingled with 2,000 parts of liquid starch at a temperature of one hundred sixty degrees will convert the starch into grape sugar." So you see any of the vegetables, beets, potatoes, grains, fruits of all kinds, the dead cow or horse, all decayed or rotted matter, can be converted into alcohol, because it is the quint-essence of decay, or decomposition.

It's a little more pleasant to make alcohol out of vegetable than animal matter, because of the odor. The vegetables, grains or fruits decaying do not produce such a horrible stench. Why? because the vegetables haven't so much nitrogen in their makeup. If you were in a brewery and threw nitrogen into the vats of malt, at once there would be thrown off a fearful stench, as of a dead animal. It would be the same if you were to throw nitrogen into a barrel of grape juice or cider. The nitrogen would change them at once to carrion.

Life builds up; fermentation, decomposition, putrefaction, tear down; life gathers strength, fermentation and putrefaction scatters and destroys that strength; life is opposed to decay, fermentation and putrefaction. Alcohol cannot be produced from sugars until after vinous fermentation, which is death or decomposition, has taken place. Alcohol, in fact, is the death principle of all decayed vegetable or animal matter, found nowhere in living, growing nature, but everywhere in dying and dead nature. So say the ablest chemists of the age. The U. S. Dispensatory says, "Alcohol being the product of vinous fermentation necessarily exists in all vinous liquors and may be obtained from them by distillation." From these vats of fermentation and the strength of this mass of rotten matter, alcohol is distilled.

Now what is distilling? If you take a kettle of water or any kind of juice or liquid, put it on the stove to boil, cover with a tight lid, leaving a small hole for the steam to escape, and then take any kind of a long, hollow tube or pipe, and fasten one end of it over the hole, or lid, so as to make the steam run clear through the long hollow tube before it can get out, and while it is going through it gets cooled off and condensed,—you have the process of distillation. Now put your fermented juice into kettles and boil it, alcohol being the lightest, will go over first, cooling as it goes, and is caught at the end of the pipe. If it's the steam of boiling grape juice that has been fermented and rotted, you have brandy. If fermented and rotted apple juice, in the same way, you have apple whisky. When they put it in and repeat the process, they call it redistilled spirits, or rectified spirits. When obtained from fermented malt barley, it is called whisky; when from fermented rye, it is called rye whisky. If from malted corn and distilled it is called Bourbon whisky. When from juniper berries or red cedar it is called Holland gin. The best authorities say, "alcohol is a solvent used to dissolve those things that water

and boiling will not, out of the roots, barks, herbs, resins, balsams, and oils in medicines. It is capable of dissolving a great number of chemical and medicinal substances which will not give up their strength in any other way." And then you can distill off the alcohol and use again, and again. All the medical dispensaries of the world say alcohol is a poison. All the medical authorities and dictionaries say it is a poison. The U. S. Dispensary says:

"Alcohol when taken habitually in excess, its local irritant influence often leads to gastritis, to that form of hepatitis which is known in the advanced stage as cirrhosis of the liver. Very frequently, especially when the alcohol is taken well diluted and with an abundance of food, the organic changes produced by its use are rather those of fatty degeneration of the liver and kidneys, (and arteries) and it may be of the heart. The single large dose of alcohol will produce the condition known as drunkenness ending, if sufficient be taken, in absolute muscular relaxation, profound stupor, fall of bodily temperature, collapse, and it may be death. It also produces the most deplorable results, and is a very common cause of fatal maladies."

Some call it a narcotic poison, an "irritant" poison, and all alcohols contain fusel oil which is so deadly that it is not used by physicians for any purposes. Now what have we learned of the nature of alcohol? We have learned that it is the intoxicating ingredient in all liquors, whether whisky, brandy, gin, wine or beer. That it is nowhere found in nature's vineyard, but only in dead and decaying nature. We know that the sweet juices of fruits, before they are fermented, can do no harm, because they contain no alcohol, but are healthful and nutritious, and among the choice gifts of our Maker; that alcohol is the death principle of decaying nature when it contains sugar in the liquid state, and that the reason that the rotting vegetable matters do not smell as other carrion, is because they do not contain nitrogen; that everything containing starch may be converted into sugar by the addition of diastase, and then converted into alcohol by fermentation and putrefaction. Alcohol is useful in the preparation of medicine, as a solvent only. Now what effect does this poison alcohol have on the body, physiologically? The body needs and contains every kind of substance as food, consisting of sugar, starch, oil, and glutinous matters composed of fibrin, albumen, and casein. Alcohol contains none of these, and therefore cannot be food. Alcohol is evolved not from food but from decayed or decomposed food, and therefore cannot be food. All food taken into the body is digested, transformed into something that will renew and build up the body, but alcohol does nothing of the kind. Put a drop of alcohol into your eye and see how the eye will smart and burn, become bloodshot and swollen, and nature will send out the tears to wash out the offending matter; repeat the operation several times and you will destroy the sight of the eye; now why? Because the alcohol irritates and

burns the tender coatings of the eye, and is an irritant, burning poison. Fill your mouth with alcohol and hold it there, and you will get the same effect, scorched, inflamed, and irritated, it soon becomes. It produces the same effect in the stomach and bowels, because all are lined with comparatively the same delicate membranes; whatever injures one will injure the other. If you fill your eyes with pure water, or your mouth, it doesn't act thus; swimmers, diving, open their eyes under water to no injury. But wherever alcohol touches the interior of the human body, it irritates, inflames and congests, arousing nature to action, to get rid of the intruder. The dispensatories say, "alcohol is a very powerful diffusible stimulant." It diffuses itself throughout the whole body and stimulates every part it touches, by its burning irritating effect. It goes into the body alcohol, and irritates, burns, and scalds all the way through, making a sore wherever it touches. It stimulates by irritation and not by building up, as does food; it sears and blisters, and irritates; the hand passes it into the mouth in the shape of whisky, brandy, wine or beer; the stomach and mucous membranes call out, "hot ball," and throw it as quickly as possible into the blood; the blood says, "hot stuff," take it quickly, and throws it into the heart; the heart pumps it into the arteries, and the arteries rush it into the brain, and skin, and everywhere effort is made to drive it out of the system. The pores of the skin open and say, throw it out here; the lungs open and hurl it off with the breath; the liver takes a part of it, and the kidneys pass it off through the urine. The whole system makes haste to get rid of the intruder, because it is a foreign substance, and not food, it is thrown out of the system just as it went in, undigested—unchanged, alcohol. It is a diffusible stimulant, and a powerful narcotic poison, and stimulates to unnatural activity every part it touches. Stimulation means unduly exciting the higher nerve centers suddenly, and often excessively elevating the blood pressure and providing a quick but evanescent effect which rapidly passes away and is many times more harmful than beneficial. If it were beneficial as a tonic, even, it would prove its efficiency by helping the body to help itself, but it does not do that; it does not make bone, muscle, brain, nor in any way sustain the body. The best authorities state that "all alcohols excite the system, render the pulse full, and give additional *energy* to the muscles, and *temporarily* stimulate the mental faculties. As an article of daily use alcoholic liquors produce the most deplorable consequences, besides the moral degradation which they cause. Their habitual use produces dyspepsia, hypochondriasis, visceral obstructions, dropsy, mania, and an innumerable list of diseases."

Dr. Rudolph Masing of Germany has prepared a test for alcohol; by putting a solution of bi-chromate of potash and sulphuric acid into a test tube, and the color is red, a very little

alcohol will turn it to an emerald green. "Sober men breathe into it, and it has no effect, a drunken man breathes into it, and it instantly turns green. Young ladies should have a test tube filled with this solution to let their lovers breathe into; so, if the solution turns green, tell him you cannot appreciate his color, make him wait till he ripens. The test proves that alcohol goes out of the body just as it goes in, without changing or digesting, and is therefore not a food, nor can it aid in any way in building up or renewing any part, it is still alcohol."

A dog was given whisky and in a few hours the perspiration from the skin turned the liquid green, and the same from all the organs of the body. Now can you wonder why the drunken sot has a red nose, eyes bleared and bloodshot, face bloated, and trembling hand. He is literally burned out and diseased. In London a number of physicians found a man who had fallen dead in the street, and was taken to the Westminster Hospital. On dissection, a quantity of fluid was found in the brain, they smelled it, and tasted it, lit a match to it, and it burned, proving it was alcohol. "Thus the dead record the history, character, habits of the soul, its follies and vices are stamped in his silent ashes."

Alcohol prevents the digestion of food, and thus brings disease, by irritating the stomach membranes, producing gastritis and ulceration. It preserves or hardens the food and prevents proper digestion. Some who think themselves very wise take a drink of liquor or beer just to assist digestion. When you eat, the process of digestion is started up and the pepsin and other enzymes of digestion are the solvents, so is alcohol and "when Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war;" one solvent is going to dissolve the other, one must perish and in this case alcohol dissolves pepsin and the other ingredients; hence, digestion cannot go on while alcohol remains in the stomach. This is a scientific fact, and cannot be refuted, because it is backed by the very best authorities. (Read the accounts of Alex St. Martin, the Canadian).

Drs. Beaumont and Sewell who made so many experiments with St. Martin's stomach, they say that "in the stomach of the habitual drinker or drunkard, the mucous or internal coating is in a continual state of irritation, with its blood vessels engorged, which are not found in the healthy state; in the drinker they are enlarged and distended with blood similar to the rum blossoms sometimes seen on the face of the drunkard, and very frequently corroded with small ulcers, covered with white crusts, with the margins of the ulcers elevated and rugged, showing a high degree of inflammation."

Now, does alcohol assist digestion? No, not at all, Drs. Beaumont and Sewell spent their whole lives in investigation along these lines of research, and they say no. The stomach is

the general office, the fire box of the engine, and when it is sore and inflamed and irritated and ulcerated, the whole man must suffer. Following the afflicted stomach we learn, in the words of Dr. Austin Flint, of New York, "the digestive powers are weakened, the appetite is impaired, the muscular system is enfeebled, the generative functions decay, the blood is impoverished, and the effects of alcohol enter directly into the causation of many affections such as cirrhosis of the liver, fatty liver, muscular tremor, gastritis, pyrosis, and a host of affections too numerous to mention." Prof. Lehman, the great chemist says, "alcohol is incapable of contributing anything toward maintaining life."

Dr. J. Higginbottom, of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, says, "Alcohol has no specific effect on any organ of the body for the cure of disease, and I consider it impious in any medical man saying that any constitution requires alcoholic stimulants." From our investigations, we learn the tremendous lessons that the effect of alcohol upon the human body is that of an irritant, and a poison, and when a physician is called to a patient with pneumonia or any serious disease, we immediately inquire, "is the patient an habitual drinker?" If so, we have but little faith that he will recover. Why? Because the drunkard rarely ever escapes; his whole system suffers from the effects of the alcohol burning, irritating every organ of the body; besides, the drinking man is exposed to all kinds of excesses, and irregularities, he misses his regular food, sleep, and when he does sleep with frightful dreams, and horrid visions from which he wakes without being refreshed, injures his health and hastens the day of his death. When we think: how wonderful is the structure of the human body and the brain, with its fine network of little telegraph wires in the shape of very fine nerves, keeping us posted on the condition of the body, telling us when the fiery alcohol is taken into the stomach, how it irritates and makes us feel and think imperfectly, how it makes us stagger when we walk, deprives us of all the intelligence our Maker has endowed us with! Can a brain supplied with such blood sent from an irritated and inflamed stomach do good work? The blood, being impure, brings disease to the brain, causing it to be engorged, stretching the little arteries too full, and distending them beyond their natural size, strains them, and causing pressure against the nerves injures and destroys the ability to feel, move and think. When a man feels, moves, and thinks imperfectly, we say he is certainly drunk. And when he can't think, feel, or move at all, we say he is dead drunk. If he is a moderate drinker and keeps his whole arterial system irritated and inflamed for years with alcohol, in time fatty degeneration of the whole arterial system is induced, and the inner coatings of the finer arteries of the brain become ulcerated and break through under this pressure at a time when he thinks he needs an extra

glass to do his work, and he drops dead, his physician when called in, gives as the cause of death, *heart failure*. Then, on dissection of the brain, we find a clot of blood, which was the direct cause, from a broken artery, as has been demonstrated thousands of times on the dissecting table. Do you suppose that a substance that is so poisonous as to burn a stomach until it is fiery red, purple, ulcerated, engorged and sore—a substance that is not modified by digestion, but remains the same, a *poison*, as long as it remains in the system,—a substance thinner than blood, will readily pass into the little arteries of the brain, propelled there by the heart while it is making herculean efforts to get rid of the poison itself,—do you suppose such a poison does not inflame and ulcerate the little tender arteries of the brain? Such a substance could not fail to injure the brain seriously. Dissection shows the fine arteries strained, irritated, inflamed, engorged, ulcerated, and often burst by the poisonous effects of alcohol. The arch destroyer leaves a fiery path on his journey through the brain; and a mind that has to act through such a brain must be injured in proportion.

Now comes the question, what part does it stimulate the most, or irritate the worst? Like a tree the smallest twigs are at the top. In the lower part of the head the arteries are quite large. It follows, therefore, that the lower part of the brain will be stimulated or irritated the most, and as the brain is the organ of the mind or soul, the lower organs will be stimulated or irritated to the greatest activity, and the desire to drink more, and more, until it becomes a mania; and then to attack, and that, too, perhaps his nearest and dearest friend; or he may want to break, burn, destroy, or fight and quarrel with his neighbors, beat or abuse the wife of his bosom, or the the children of his loins. Have we not known of these horrible instances which are too cruel and brutal to be repeated. When one man who had murdered his son was on the scaffold and about to be hung, he said:

“Fellow men, before God, in whose presence I shall stand in a few minutes, I would as soon have taken my own life, as that of my dear boy, for I loved my wife and children as dearly as any man could do, but I was maddened by drink and knew not what I was doing.”

The organ of acquisition or desire to get, possess, and accumulate, is also one of the lower organs of the brain, we all know how common it is for drinkers to be found with a mania to steal, or rob, gamble or lie; hence the enormous, outrageous lies the tipsy man will tell, and then gloat over the enormity of their falsehoods.

Again, the organ of amativeness or sexual love is one of the lower organs, through which pass some of the larger arteries, and

when filled with poisoned blood, the person will be possessed with a mania for lust. Young men go from the saloon to the house of prostitution. Husbands drinking this poison are apt to prove faithless to their marriage vows. Wives who drink to intoxication want only opportunity to commit adultery.

I have been in the active practice of medicine for the past thirty-two years, and can testify that ninety per cent of all the cases of venereal diseases I have treated became infected while under the influence of this poison alcohol. On account of the lower organs being so unduly excited and the higher organs of reason, judgment, conscience, and will, not being equally excited, so as to control them, the man ceases to be himself, and is directed and impelled by his lower organs and passions, and becomes obedient only to the powers and forces of evil. Is not this depravity? All are forms of mania, insanity, madness, foolishness, at first only temporary, but frequently become wild, raging, and incurable. Let me say to you, there comes a time in the history of the drunkard when he no longer sings, is witty, desires to be lustful, lie, steal, or beat his wife or children. The organ of caution becomes inflamed, and he becomes cautious, and fearful; he sees strange things, and trembles with terror. The nerves of the eyes become inflamed, and he sees awful sights, wild animals, fierce beasts, slimy serpents, huge, terrible and hideous. The nerves of the ear become inflamed and he hears strange and awful noises, the growling of monsters and the laughter of fiends. The nerves of the nose become inflamed and he smells terrible stench. The nerves of feeling become inflamed and he feels the points of sharp daggers, hot coals, and blazes of burning ruins. The nerves of his imagination being inflamed, he sees sights and hears sounds more terrible than he could ever have dreamed of, and he quakes and gasps with terror. The nerves of memory being inflamed, he recalls the image of a praying mother, a loving, beseeching wife, and the smiles of innocent children. Anguish and hopeless remorse take possession of his soul, and while he is raving and calling for protection against these evils, the vital organs, scorched and burned with the alcohol, cease to perform their duties, and in many cases the victim dies a horrible death (*delirium tremens*).

It has been demonstrated beyond all controversy that the children of parents begotten while under the influence of liquor are below par, intellectually.

In the words of Dr. T. Alex. MacNicholl, ex-surgeon of the New York Red Cross Hospital, sent abroad by former President Roosevelt to investigate alcoholism and narcotics, says:

"A wave of degeneracy is sweeping the land, and its development threatens the physical vitality of the nation. Within fifty years the population of the United States increased three hundred thirty per

cent, while the number of insane and feeble minded, increased nine hundred fifty per cent, practically all of which is due to the chronic and excessive use of alcohol and narcotics. Degeneracy is shown in the lessened fertility of the nation. In fifty years the birth rate in this country fell off thirty-three and one-half per cent." (This is an address before the American Medical Association).

Dr. Howard A. Kelly, professor of diseases of women at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, says:

"With regard to my own work, I speak as a physician of thirty-two years experience, which has taught me that the effect of alcohol is evanescent, that the drug (for such it is) does no real good, and that a dangerous habit is thus easily engendered which may be most difficult to eradicate, a habit which may utterly ruin a patient, body and soul, and spirit, making it far better if she had died at once. It is clear in the light of experience and of recent research work that alcohol ought to be classed in the list of dangerous drugs, along with morphine, cocaine, and chloral, a drug which may so affect the will power as to gain the complete mastery over a person and in the end destroy him. The fittest uses a doctor can make of alcohol are to preserve dead tissues, cancers, and the like. As a citizen I observe with alarm an increase in its use by women of society. I have seen sweet, modest girls flushed with wine, become loud and boisterous, and at last ruined morally and physically. I note it is alcohol which fills our prisons, whether taken in the form of a stronger beverage or as whisky or beer. It is at the bottom of most all crime."

Our own Prof. John A. Widtsoe, President of the Agricultural College of Utah, one of our ablest western chemists, states:

"Alcohol is a solvent, an irritant, and a poison, a drug which should always be classed with morphine, cocaine, and chloral, because of its ruinous effects upon the health and morals of all who persist in the use of any of the beverages in which it is contained."

Having given this subject a somewhat thorough investigation, we find the physiological, pathological, and psychological effects of alcohol upon the human body are in every way frightfully detrimental to health, and our well being here and hereafter. As parents and teachers we should use every endeavor to thoroughly educate our children, and those with whom we come in contact, concerning the evils following in the wake of this fearfully irritant, poisonous drug, that it should never be used only as every other poisonous drug. We should warn them of the folly of the arguments of many who say, "Why a glass of beer will do you good, it will give you an appetite, and brace you up, right off the ice, it's fine," etc., etc. The beer drinker is only deceiving himself; and, besides, if he is a married man with a family and has beer for dinner or supper; or the English fashion of bread, cheese and beer, just before retiring, it's only a longer way around; he has to take more of it to get the required stimulation, and irritation. Every glass

only says more, and before he is aware of it, he has cultivated a habit, besides the evil example he sets before his children. One of the cardinals of the Catholic church remarked some time ago, "You let us teach a child the Faith until he is ten years of age, and come what may, he will never depart from it."

I have watched early teaching and early impressions upon children, while their minds were like a sheet of clean paper, easily impressionable. Don't forget the importance of this, parents, and teachers, because it is our duty to impress these important facts upon their minds *now*, that as an article of daily use, alcoholic liquors produce the most deplorable consequences; as to their evil effects on health and the moral degradation caused by their use, I cannot find words of condemnation strong enough.

LOGAN, UTAH

The New Year

I sat by my window, and waited, last night,
With many a silent tear,
To bid good-bye to the old, old pain,
And welcome, "A Happy New Year."

And I wondered if, in the coming year,
The pain would live again;
Or if the dead past buried its dead
With the dying Year's refrain.

Hark! 'tis the merry chiming bells, ringing "a bright New Year,"
And happy voices shout aloud its echoes far and near.
And so will I, "A Bright New Year," and let the dead be past;
Another year brings in the morn, with joys that yet may last.

Let sorrow pass, and high thought climb to better aims in life,
And from the ashes of the past rise nobler from the strife.
Then welcome, "Bright New Year;" to all, your season's gifts be love;
And teach us all the way to reach a happy home above.

HENRY NICOL ADAMSON

Joy

BY NEPHI JENSON

After studying long and profoundly, Epicurus concluded that "Happiness is the supreme good." The Greek philosopher came very near to the truth about the object of man's existence. But a greater than Epicurus gave the true and complete answer to the old, and yet ever new, question, "Why are we here?" in the words, "Man is that he might have joy." This is the text of texts. There is more of sound philosophy in this simple Book of Mormon generalization of the purpose of human existence, than is to be found in volumes of the vaunted speculations of the sages.

This little word "Joy" is the name of the goal towards which we should strive with all our might of brain and strength of heart. There is only one way to this goal, and it is "straight and narrow" said the One who traveled it. He is the wisest of the wise, who really finds the way to joy and is never turned therefrom by vain illusions.

But what is joy? It is more than content. It is more than pleasure. The mirth that lingers in the eye of the contented is pleasure; joy is the golden glow of the mellow soul. Pleasure is the rippling laughter that dances on the lips of the gay; joy is the deep, lasting glory of the soul. Pleasure is the light that flashes from things that sparkle because of their splendor; joy is the dew that distils in the soul in which the goodnesses of goodness, purity and beauty reside. Joy is the music of the heart that beats true to heaven's symphony. Joy is the glory of the soul so full of peace and melody that it cannot speak.

Where is joy? It is not in the heel of the gay dancer. It is not in the joke of the jester. It is not in the sparkling wine. It is not in the ease of the idler. It is not in the revel of the dissolute. It is in the heart of the toiler who struggles to make others happy. It is in the heart of the mother who sees heaven's light in the eyes of her child. It is in the heart of the poet who weaves, of the warp and woof of truth and beauty, words that inspire and thrill. It is in the heart of the prophet who sends down the ages the white light of truth to lift souls up to God. It is in the heart that is glad when others are glad, and sad when others are sad. It is in the heart that is great enough and true enough to beat just midway between tears and gladness.

Joy is the most elusive thing in the world. When we seek it, we fail to find it; and often when we are not seeking it, we find it. We cannot buy it. It cannot be brought from afar. He has found

the way to joy who has learned that there is glory in working, and sadness in shirking; that the heart of the burden-bearer is light, and the heart of the care-free is heavy; that ease and idleness is vanity; and struggling and striving is sanity. In a word he has found the way to joy who has learned that the full and successful life is a "Gift and benediction."

The saying of the master, "My yoke is easy, my burden is light," is the greatest paradox in all the literature of the world. It is one of the strongest sentences ever spoken by poet, sage or prophet. It contains the hardest lesson any one ever tried to learn. Only one Person ever really knew the full truth that simple sentence holds, and that was the One who spoke it. He knew it and lived it.

The vain, abortive human striving to become light-hearted without bearing burdens, and to get ease of soul without wearing the yoke of service, is the saddest and most enduring tragedy of human history!

There is joy in the acquisition of power. But strength does not come from inaction. In the development of power of mind or soul the law of equivalents holds inexorably true. The use of strength develops strength. We cannot have robust minds and strong hearts if we evade the solution of the stern problem of political wrong, social injustice, and human misery. "Ease is for dolls; steep and craggy is the path of the gods." All the songs that have lived and thrilled have come from hearts almost crushed with their load of care. All the poems that have made the heart beat faster have been written in tears. There is not, in all tongues of the race, an oration worth the name that did not come from some great heart made strong by the weight of human woe and what it carried. There is not a name on the roll of fame that is not the name of someone who in some way was a burden-bearer. He alone receives strength and joy who faces the stern world with its more stern problems with invincible resolution, and gives to the full of his heart and brain for the defense of the weak, the righting of wrongs, the eradication of evil, the glorification of truth, the protection of purity, and the establishment of righteousness. We are as strong as the total weight of all the burdens we have borne.

There is joy in living the purposeful life, the life which sees in the sunset what the artist sees, that sees in the star what the astronomer sees, that hears in the bird's plaintive note what the singer hears, that is stirred by the truth as the orator is stirred, that grows towards the light as surely as the needle finds the star.

There is joy in giving. A thousand times you have heard someone say, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," but not one in a thousand knows what profound truth lies hidden in those simple words. "He who saves his life shall lose it." The

only way to keep your blessings is to give them away. This is the lesson the flower teaches. It opens its little heart and sends forth the gentle dew of its soul to gladden the world. It lives by what it gives. Shut up the flower, so that its tinted lips cannot express in scent and color the thought God sent it to express, and it withers and dies. 'Shut up your souls so that they do not express in word, aspiration and act, the goodness, the truth and beauty that God intended they should express, and they will wither and die. But open your souls wide and let them send forth without measure, smiles for the glad, tears for the sad, sympathy for the sorrowing, inspiration for the plodding, help for the needy, and worship for God, and they will unfold and develop until they become perfect even as God is perfect.

To Myself

O may I know the Lord as friend,
And love of him my life attend;
The sweetest joy be mine to know
That I have lessened others' woe.

May life eternal be my share,
Under my Redeemer's care,
With those I love—eternal joy,
Eternal good, my time employ:

Eternal increase of my life,
Eternal victory, 'mid the strife,
Eternal truth to learn each day
Eternal betterment of way.

GEO. H. BRIMHALL



M. I. A. GAMES

Oscar A. Kirkham teaching "The Poison Circle" to scoutmasters at Cowley, Wyoming, at the three-days' M. I. A. Educational Course.



The New Year at Gunnison Island

Dreary is the land and dreary is the sea. More trying are the silent, implacable hours, than are the times of uproar. For New Year's Greeting, I heard only the shrill, sudden call of the gull or the dry, harsh croak of the passing raven. In the stillness the bitter cold frets the surface of wind-drift and level, the storm clouds hang low ; or, slowly the big snow-flakes fall out of the sky. On the mountains, today, a wind-storm is raging. So fierce up there is the gale, one could scarcely keep his footing. The great snow-banners are whirled from the crests, and grand and solemn, I know, is the sound, when the strong northern winds smite upon those harps, the pines, and when, along the mountain sides, the loosened snow is caught from the forest branches and sent madly up by crag and ravine. But see ! How the wind can revel on these waters, too ! Behold how they sweep over the long reaches of unbroken brine ; how they pick up the foam-dust from the waves of the Inland Sea, and, mixing it with snow-dust from the island cliffs, whirl it around and around ! Yesterday the sun-dogs gleamed over the desert hills—but

now? The sleet and snow, the foam and spray, are driven by these winter winds.

A feeling of awe is upon me. Often, as in the Norse mythology, the sun comes up, all faint and wan, sick nigh unto death it seems, and languidly looks o'er the world of white. What thoughts are mine! In the dim, uncertain, and mysterious twilight, when all surrounding objects expand to the sight, I half expect to see, looking upon me from out the western desert, some angry deity of the Indians' forgotten pantheon; or, as my thoughts revert again to the olden world, to see, springing from that Nifelheim in the north, the gaunt, gray form of Fenris Wolf, and to behold his fiery eyes as he passes onward to his terrible feast, when the Asas, Odin and Thor, and the lesser ones, too, shall become his prey in Ragnarok, the last, weird twilight of the Northern gods.

Tonight the wind roars. What care I? The louder the rumble in the spacious chimney, the brighter will burn my drift-wood fire. One must oppose his resources of mind to the blind anger of nature, and trust to prevail in the end. What to me, in this comfortable room, if the wind grows furious in its strength, and beats and clamors at window and door? No sail, I know, is out on this winter sea. What if the waves boom by the Northern Cliff; if the wind veer again and drive the foam far up the sands of the little bay? There will be no need to hang out the signal lamp. The Inland Sea, and the bleak, inhospitable season, will keep both my island and myself in unbroken ostracism. The sleet and the hail may lash against the window-panes, but it is only such as might have been foreseen. There must pass many and many a day ere the yacht will put forth. So, stir the embers of the smoldering fire: let the red sparks fly, remember that thy food is safe-cached, and that the hut is firmly planted and strong as the gale.

From "Our Inland Sea: The Story of a Homestead."

BY ALFRED LAMBOURNE.

Anthon L. Skanchy

A Brief Autobiographical Sketch of the Missionary Labors of a Valiant Soldier for Christ

TRANSLATED AND EDITED BY DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE

III. I GO ON MY FIRST MISSION

Early in the spring of 1863 I was called to be present at the conference to be held in Christiania. I resigned, immediately, my place in the rope factory. According to law, six weeks' notice had to be given when a person resigned from steady employment; but if I was to reach the conference on time, I had to leave at once, for at that time there was no railroad between Christiania and Trondhjem. I was, therefore, obliged to tell the owner of the factory that I had to leave in one week. This was a hard nut for him to crack, especially since he had the law on his side. I told him that I was going to the conference, law or no law, and that I was going to be there on time. He finally gave in to my request, and even offered to meet me in the morning of my departure to bid me goodby, and promised to send an apprentice to carry my satchel to the city limits.

On the morning of my departure, the master came, according to his agreement, and brought with him an old school teacher, connected with the church, as I supposed for the purpose of driving "Mormonism" out of me. Their plan did not materialize; our discussions were carried on in a friendly way, and at last they bade me goodby, and gave me their best wishes for my future. The apprentice came and carried my satchel through the city. Thus I left my native city, to begin the many years of missionary service.

A Swedish rope-maker was also on his way to Christiania, and we, therefore, traveled together. We traveled on foot, along the country roads, the 350 miles that separate Trondhjem from Christiania. This was early in the month of March. The roads were difficult to travel for there was much snow. Moreover, neither of us knew the conditions and short cuts of the roads. We had snow shoes along with us, which made our journey more rapid in places where they could be used. On we traveled, day after day; along the valleys, over the hills, now in heavy drifted snow, now where the road was bare from the heavy winds.

In the course of our journey, we finally had to climb Dovre

mountain, the highest divide in Norway. The mountain side was covered with drifted snow, and it was exceedingly difficult to walk there. One evening we reached the station known as Grievestuen, the first station north of Dovre mountain, and spent the night there on nearly the highest point of the mountain. This is far above the tree line, and no dwelling houses are found so far up on the mountain. The next day we crossed the mountain, for the first time for me, though it was not to be my last. That day we undertook, as usual, almost too much of a day's journey, for we traveled almost fourteen miles through the heavy drifted snow, to the second station from the one in which we had spent the night. Darkness overtook us. The road was filled with drifted snow, and in our worn-out condition we were in danger of giving up and remaining in the snow throughout the night. I had in my pocket a small bottle of camphor drops of which we took a drop now and then. This seemed to help us, and at length, we reached the station.

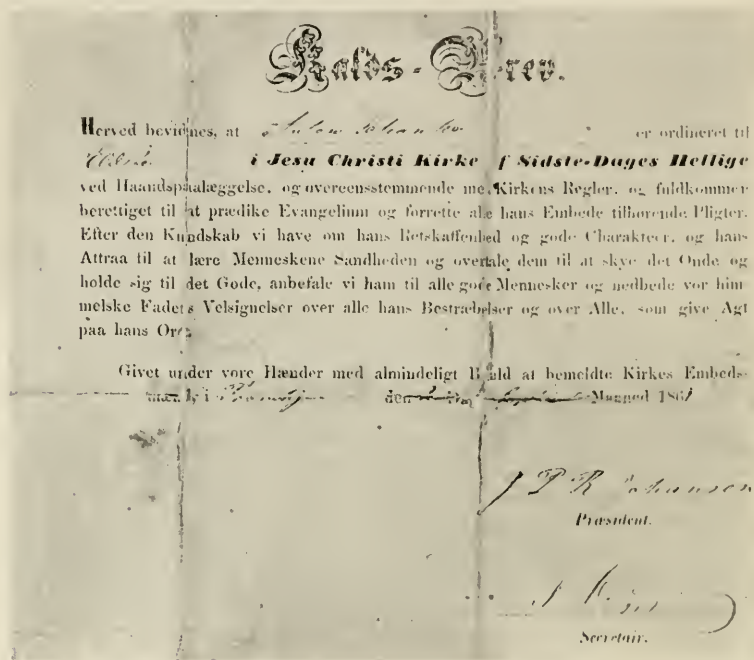
The next morning we walked ten or twelve miles downward into the beautiful and well-known Guldbrands Valley. Some days later we reached the beautiful city of Lillehammer, which lies at the end of the great lake of Mjosen. Ships here take passengers to Eidsvold; but, when we arrived, the lake was still covered with ice and we had to continue our foot journey twenty-eight miles farther. At last we reached the town of Gjevig; where we journeyed by ship to Eidsvold, the railroad terminus, where we boarded the train immediately, and found ourselves in Christiania the same day. The long walk was ended.

On the evening of my arrival, the conference began, in the large hall in Storgaden. Elder Rasmus Johansen was president, and the brothers Dorius were also there. I felt like one who has just escaped from a prison—glad and happy. We had a good time together. Nearly all of the missionaries and our local elders were there. During this conference I was called to go to Nordland on a mission, and I received my commission from President Rasmus Johansen. I suppose few of those present knew anything about Nordland at that time.

Soon after the conference, I began, alone, my long tramp of 350 miles, northward, to my native city of Trondhjem. On the return journey, however, I took a somewhat different route, through Osterdalen. On this trip, also, I had to walk across a great mountain and as I was not acquainted with the conditions, it was night before I came down from the mountain, into the nearest village. The people had all gone to bed. I knocked on the door of one of the houses. "Who is there?" asked someone. "A stranger who has come over the mountain," said I. "No, he can get no entertainment here," said a woman, briskly. "Hold on," said a man. "A man who has walked over the mountain

alone at this time of night needs rest. I have been out myself and know what it means." He dressed himself, opened the door, put good food on the table, made my bed, and said, "Help yourself." This man was one of the many who has secured, for himself, a reward.

I came finally to the city of Roros, where many of my family lived, and to whom I bore my testimony. At last I reached Trondhjem where I secured work again in the rope factory, and where I worked during two weeks, in order to earn enough to buy



MISSIONARY CERTIFICATE OF BISHOP ANTHON L. SKANCHY

This certificate, issued in 1863, bears the endorsement of different police officers, under date of Nov. 2, 1863; June 10, 1864; and May 24, 1865.

a steamer ticket to the place assigned to me for my missionary labors. At that time, the missionaries were sent out without purse or scrip, and depended entirely upon the promises of the Lord.

IV. MISSIONARY LABORS IN NORDLAND AND FINMARKEN

The 27th of May, 1863, I took passage with the steamship *Prince Gustaf*, and with God's mercy of eternal salvation before me, I bade my dear mother goodbye. With joy in my heart I went out to carry the message of the everlasting covenant, to preach the gospel and to battle for the cause of truth.

The first island I visited was Degoe. It lies off Helgeland. There I bore my testimony to the people, and distributed books and tracts wherever I went. I then traveled to Harstad, from there to Qvarfjorden where there was a family who belonged to the Church, and then along Kadsfjorden where there also was a family belonging to the Church.

Then came numerous long visits among the many deep fjords and sounds of which Nordland mainly consists, and upon the islands, most of which are thickly peopled. I traveled by boat, sailship or steamship, as opportunity offered. I tramped from island to island, over mountains and valleys, visited houses and fishing districts, and had opportunity to bear my testimony before many people. I visited nearly all of the inhabited islands, fjords and sounds in Nordland. There I met many kinds of people.—priests and school teachers, and many people well versed in the Bible. The people in Nordland seemed to me to be better posted on the Bible than in any other place in Norway. The few Saints whom I found scattered on the different islands were visited, but, soon after I reached there, two families who belonged to the Church emigrated to Zion, namely Pollov Israelsen, and Peter Hartvigsen. My greatest interest and joy was my mission work; this I can truthfully say.

Nordland begins several miles north of Trondhjem, where the Atlantic ocean crowds in and follows the Norwegian coastline northward and washes the old steep rocks of the shore, until the famous North Cape is reached, a few miles from the widely known city of Hammerfest. Hundreds of tourists from various nations visit this place every summer. Here they may see the midnight sun circle around the horizon, through two long months of summer. After we leave North Cape the coast line draws north-east and east to south, until the great Atlantic ocean surrounds Norway's northern, barren and fjord-furrowed coast. This part of Norway is called Finmarken. The country is here very barren. No vegetation, excepting grass, is found, and the population, chiefly Finns and Lapps, live on the mountains and care for their great herds of reindeer, or, they live on the islands and fish from season to season. Fishing, as is well known, is the life-blood of Norway's industrial existence. I give these facts because this great mission field is little known, even now, in our Church history.

I was called to go on a mission to Nordland, which includes many cities such as Namsos, Bodo, Harstad, and Tromso. The last mentioned city lies 875 miles north of Trondhjem, and Vardo, the most distant of the cities lies 1,400 miles north of Trondhjem. This vast territory was, therefore, my mission field. In this field only ten souls belonged to the Church at the time I came there.

These few had been baptized by Elder Ola Orstend who was the captain of a trading ship, and who later became postmaster in Cottonwood, Utah.

The people in that part of the land did not always deem it proper for me to preach "Mormonism" and to administer the ordinances of the Church. Consequently, during the time I spent in that country, I was arrested seven times, carried over land and sea in boats and steamers as a prisoner, tried in various places, and was sentenced to imprisonment six times. The first time I was given six days imprisonment with only bread and water for food. This was in the city of Tromsø. In the prison I had to mingle with thieves and murderers. I was assigned a little room in the attic with a tiny window in the east, and a hard bed hanging by hinges on the wall so that it might be dropped down when it was to be used and lifted again when not in use, so that there would be some room for me in which to move about. A tiny table and a tiny bench constituted the furniture. I had a small piece of sour, coarse bread, and all the water I desired, every twenty-four hours. The cause of my sentence was illegal religious activity.

When I had earned my freedom, and was let out of the prison, I began again to bear my testimony among the people and to distribute books and to hold meetings, and to baptize those who were converted to the saving message.

The tracts that I distributed found their way to many of the honest in heart. I heard at one time of a man far away in Finmarken who desired much to see and speak with an elder. He had read something in some of our books that had reached him. I had then just come out of the prison in Tromsø. I bought a ticket on a steamer to a station known as Hasvig, on the east side of the great island of Sørø. He who desired to meet an elder of the Church lived in Ofjorden, west of the island, nearly thirty-five miles away, over great mountains and morasses. Since I had never been in this place, I wondered if I could find my way to it. The only road was that made by the goats as they traveled back and forth between the watering and feeding places. The steamship was to arrive in Hasvig at two o'clock in the morning. It was the 16th day of September. I was the only deck passenger on the ship. As the night went on I became very anxious about the manner of my reaching my destination, and when all was quiet on board I went forward on the ship, bowed before the Lord and prayed to him, in whose service I was traveling, to guide my footsteps and to care for me on this particular task. I became surrounded by a great light and a voice said to me, "Be of good courage. You are not alone. Whatever is necessary will be given you." I cannot describe how happy I felt.

At two o'clock in the morning the steamboat whistled and we stopped at the station of Hasvig. There was no landing place

there at that time, so the postmaster came out with a boat to deliver and receive the mail. I was the only passenger he brought away. He asked me where I came from and where I was going. I told him and he invited me immediately to go with him to his office. He said, "My housekeeper has always a cup of coffee ready for me when I am up at night to get the mail." Afterwards he went down with me to the shore and took me to a freight boat which was about to travel up the fjord the way I was going. The postmaster asked those in the boat to take me with them as far as they went, and told me it was best for me to begin my foot journey at the place the boat would stop. I continued with the boat to Sorvar, which we reached at ten o'clock the next forenoon. Great fishing districts are located there. I had been up all night, and I was very tired. A fisherman whom I met asked me to go with him to his place and he would make some coffee for me, for he understood that I was tired.

As my strength returned to me I began to bear my testimony to them. After an hour's time, one of the many who had gathered to listen to me, invited me to go with him to his house for dinner, after which he took a boat and rowed me across the sound. On this journey our time was occupied in explaining questions which he directed to me. He was very much interested. After we crossed the sound he hired a boat and we rowed up to the head of the fjord. Here we found shelter for the night with a family of Laps. When they heard where I was going, one of the Lap women said she knew the road well and offered to go with me and to show me the road over the mountains, about seven miles.

We reached Ofjorden, my destination, early in the afternoon and was welcomed by the man who had desired to see a "Mormon" elder. This man, for some time, had held a position similar to that of probate judge, but had resigned his position and was now living quietly and was being cared for by a housekeeper. It was peculiar that the man who had heard me speak on the island, and who had rowed me across the sound, had followed me the whole distance. I held a meeting with them and spoke to them the whole day of my arrival and the day after. My friend the fisherman returned, at last. The day afterward I baptized the old probate judge; later his housekeeper was baptized, and at last the Lap woman who had acted as my guide over the mountain was baptized. When this had been accomplished the Lap woman guided me back straight over the mountain, to Hasvig where I had left the steamship early in the night just a week previously. The vision that I had had on the deck of the ship that night had been literally fulfilled. Everything that was necessary had been given me. I felt very grateful to the Lord for his fatherly care and guidance during the week.

Afterward I visited the huts of the Laps on the shore and

slept one night with them. They received me with much kindness, invited me to eat with them and desired much to listen to what I had to tell them. I held a meeting with them and sang for them. They all felt well, as did I also.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Prophet Joseph's Birth

(December 23, 1805)

Of all whose worth has graced the earth,
 In all its varied history through,
 The memories of whose mortal birth
 And missions great and true,
 Next to the high Exalted One,
 E'en Jesus, God's Beloved Son,
 Whom most of all we should revere,
 We have most cause in joy to raise
 Our thanks to God in tuneful lays
 For Joseph Smith, our Modern Seer.

He made the span 'twixt God and man,
 As Egypt's Joseph, in his day,
 And plain revealed the heavenly plan
 From God to whom we pray.
 For Truth sublime, best boon from God,
 Through him revealed and preached abroad—
 Through him restored a ain to earth—
 And gifts and keys of Heaven's choice,
 We praise his name, and now rejoice,
 And celebrate our Prophet's birth.

How we should live and honor give,
 Heartfelt, to God, and Truth, and man,
 He showed with proof most positive
 In God's all-perfect plan,
 Of which he was, midst trials rife,
 A true exemplar in his life;
 His death, a martyr, proved his worth,
 For precious blood sealed living truth.
 So let us all, adult and youth,
 Commemorate our Prophet's birth.

The choicest ones of Israel's sons
 And God's elect of every age,
 To blaze the way till Jesus comes,
 With prophet, seer, and sage,
 Will all extol our Prophet's name,
 Their leader in eternal fame,
 For works of great and noble worth.
 Then let all Israel join the lay
 And celebrate with us today
 The Prophet Joseph's name and birth.

F. E. BARKER.

December, 1914.

Two Moving Word Pictures

BY PROF. J. C. HOGENSON, OF THE STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

"Shall the youth of Zion falter, in defending truth and right?" Shall they fail because they are not improving their time and talent in such a way as to cause them to become shining lights and persons of character later in life, who are able to take hold of the responsibilities of life with a steady hand and carry them on to a full and successful completion? I pray God that the answer may be, *No*.

Some young people in this glorious state of ours, however, are wasting their time largely in doing those things which bring only momentary pleasures, and which usually bring nothing but disappointment in the end. If a person's youthful days be well spent to a purpose, success is sure to follow later in life. If those days be spent in idleness and frivolity there is not much of value to look forward to in that person's life.

I would that I could paint a picture that would impress this so vividly upon the minds of the young people that they would never forget it; but I am no artist to influence men to good deeds with brush and paint. I only have words, simple words; yet, in a word, sometimes, are thoughts that have stirred the world.

In my mind's eye I see before me two moving pictures. One represents a young man standing at the mouth of a rugged canyon. He has a smile upon his lips, and with outstretched arms looks with gladsome eyes upon a beautiful valley. For days, weeks, months, and years he has been struggling through the chaos of the canyon, hardly knowing what to do or where to go, but with the firm resolve in his mind that he would make the most of life and become a successful man. In the chaos of the canyon when the path was difficult to find, his friends and companions left him and, one by one, fell by the wayside. One left him when they came to the rocks of "Strong Drink," another at the river of "Temptation," still another when they had crossed the swamp of a "Good, Easy Time." So, one by one, they left him to struggle alone. Many times he felt like giving up in despair, as the path became more and more difficult and obscure; but, with a firm purpose in his heart and a strong resolve, he struggled on and on, meeting difficulty after difficulty, and overcoming temptation after temptation, until now we see him standing at the mouth of the canyon of "Doubt" and gazing

into the valley of "Preparation." It is a beautiful valley, surrounded on all sides by high, rugged mountains, except a little gap in the opposite side of the valley, through which he gets his first glimpse into the valley of "Success," which lies beyond.

He begins to walk out into the valley. His progress is much more rapid and easy than it had been in the canyon. In the distance, he now sees cities, towns and villages. Fields of golden grain and pastures of green velvety grass seem to beckon to him as he passes, while here and there he sees the cattle grazing upon the thousand hills. In the center of the valley is a river, down which beautiful barges descend and pass through the gap in the mountains into the valley of "Success." At each village, town and city, where the barges stop, a few persons get on board amid the praises and songs of their fellows, who are left behind. They, who descend in the barges, are prepared to enter the valley of "Success." Our young man comes first to the village of "Nature," where he is tutored by a wonderfully wise old lady known as "Dame Nature." She causes him to look upon the world in an entirely different light from what he had looked upon it before. She teaches him the wisdom of God in everything he sees. Next he comes to the town of "Work," where the dignity of common things is learned. The towns of "Concentration of Mind," and of "Contentment" are next passed. In each of these he learns valuable lessons. Before him now is the city of "Practical Education," which he enters with a cheerful heart. After passing this beautiful city, he sees to the right and to the left the twin cities of "Usefulness" and "Efficiency." Upon the gates of these cities are written in letters of gold: "Let him who enters be of service to his fellow men." From these beautiful cities he looks beyond near the gap in the mountains and sees the spires and domes of the city of "Experience." After spending some time in this city, he is permitted to enter one of the barges and pass down the river into the valley of "Success." This valley is beautiful beyond description, and in one little spot in the valley he sees his name written upon a beautiful house. His guide leads him toward this, and as they open the gate a beautiful young woman comes running toward him with outstretched arms. She bids him welcome home. As he looks upon her he beholds the little girl friend of his childhood now grown to womanhood, and he is content.

They live now in their beautiful home in the valley of "Success," just where the fields and forest meet, with a mirrored lake in the foreground and the snowcapped mountains behind. To the right, beautiful fields, orchards and gardens show the thrift of the husbandman. To the left are the villages, towns, and cities where the hum of industry is ever heard, and where sweet-toned chimes tell melodiously the passing time of day.

Success, indeed is apparent on every side, and as our friend sits under the shade of the trees, near his home, with his young wife by his side, listening to the sweet voices of their children at play, he lifts his voice to God and says, "Lord, I am content, my cup of happiness runneth over."

The second picture, which I would paint, represents: First, a young man struggling in the swamps of "Worldly Pleasures." Many of his young friends are lost in this swamp, but he struggles manfully on until at last he stands upon firm ground. He looks back and sees hundreds still struggling in the swamp. Many give up and disappear forever, while some struggle on and finally they also reach the firm ground. He looks forward and sees a path leading onward toward the uplands of "Work." This path he takes because he knows that it is only by hard work that he will ever be able to succeed. When he reaches the uplands the sun seems to shine unusually warm, perspiration stands out in drops upon his brow, but he still travels on. From here some of his companions turn back. "It is too warm," they say. Others return because some well-dressed persons laugh at them and make fun of their rough clothes and toil-worn hands. Our young friend, however, still goes on. He can still look back and see his friends who left him, basking in the shade in the forest of "Ease and Luxury." In front of him now he sees the mountains of "Self-Denial." These he knows he must climb if he would reach success, so he takes the narrow path that leads upward. Day by day the path becomes more steep and difficult to tread. Each day he suffers from hunger and thirst and from the lack of sleep, because of the rocks and thorns which beset his way. The cliffs become so steep that he has to be careful at every step, lest he lose his footing and tumble over the precipices of "Lusts." The wild beasts of "Temptation" growl and snarl at him as he passes. He looks over the cliffs and sees, at the bottom, many of those who began their journey with him. He climbs higher and higher. The little difficulties which before seemed almost unsurmountable now appear like little mole hills below him. He smiles and turns his face again upward. After much climbing he at last reaches the summit of the mountains of "Self-Denial," and sees beyond, still higher, towering toward the skies, mount "Success." With a firm resolve he continues to climb. The mountain sides are steep, and with every step he slides almost as far back as he goes forward. Each step, however, enables him to make a little headway, and so he struggles on. His feet are sore, and he aches at every muscle, but still he climbs higher and higher, until, finally, with bleeding feet and tattered clothes, yet, with a feeling of keen joy, pleasure and satisfaction, he reaches the summit called "Success," where he can look down upon all the mountains of difficulty

which were in his path, and where he now sees the world as one vast plain, with one endless reach of sky.

As he stands upon the mountain peak of "Success" he breathes the pure air of God's fresh sunshine. He stretches out his arms to his God and with his lips he says, "I thank God that I have withstood the trials and temptations of youth, and that I have now reached untainted and unsoiled, a pure and noble manhood, which is the greatest of all successes."

The paths which lead to success in this world, and in the world to come, are not easy; but, young men, tread them firmly and bravely, and with unfaltering heart; and as your reward you will surely pluck the fruits of success, and you will then be able to thank God all the days of your life.

LOGAN, UTAH

My Babe

Another life to us is given;
A "life," a soul first fresh from Heaven,
Another "Breath of God" enshrined in clay
Sent here to grow and flourish in its day.

A laughing soul born in "the Light,"
To send a radiant ray and banish night;
From a world all torn with shame and sin;
To see the Great Millennium ushered in.

As pure as a lily blown in the sun,
May it be as pure when its "Sands" are run,
The "Wedding G-ment" may she don
When the "Crown of Victory's" won.

Then shall this "Soul" placed in my care,
Be a blessing sent to help me bear
The trials sore that beset my path,
For "Gifts" are given to "him that hath:"

To "him that hath" it shall be given
Crowns and Kingdoms, the Real Estate of Heaven;
Be it said of me when I am dead
That "Crowns and Glories are on his head."

AUBREY PARKER

SHELLEY, IDAHO

Evolution Not Supported by Embryology

BY ROBERT C. WEBB

[Sixth of a series of articles written for the ERA by Dr. Webb, on allied subjects. Each article is complete in itself, but students should read the whole series.—EDITORS.]

The so-called "argument from embryology" for the hypothesis of organic evolution is nearly the most famous of all the supposed "evidences" in its behalf. In considering the embryo as, in some sense, an epitome or "recapitulation" of its generic history, it is also nearly the oldest formal argument for the hypothesis; representing, in fact, the point at which the word "evolution" was first introduced into the vocabulary of biology. As far back as the time of Harvey—he who "discovered" the circulation of the blood—the study of embryology was well under way toward a scientific formulation; although it suffered the retarding influence of several fantastic theories, before it was finally established. Among these was the theory, fathered probably by Albrecht von Haller (1708-77), that the germ *in ovo* is a perfect "miniature model" of the adult individual, and that, furthermore, the fertile ovum contains, not only this "animalcule," as they termed it, but also, germ within germ, *ad infinitum*, the simulacra, potential but complete, each in itself, of the individuals to be begotten by the "outermost," or first of the "models," which is supposed to represent the individual emerging into life at the completion of any given process of gestation. The successive appearances (births) of these "models," generation after generation, was supposed to constitute a vital succession, which was termed "evolution," or the "unfolding" of the destinies which had been "preformed" from the beginning of time. Although, in its formal statement, any such theory as this one would be ridiculed by biologists of the present day, the same idea is involved in the current popular understanding of evolution as the racial working-out of an involved potentiality of development, which is latent in every germ, through the process describable as "cosmic gestation." It certainly accords with Professor Le Conte's definition of evolution as a "continuous progressive change * * * * by means of resident forces."

In modern evolution literature the ascribed significance of the developing embryo is the reverse of that mentioned above. Now, it is not so clearly the preformed epitome of all coming generations, but rather the "recapitulation" of the past. Thus, the modern evolutionist sees in its growth a very definitely marked "reenactment" of the main features of the process by which, supposedly, the race represented by the embryo was first originated. This idea is frequently expressed in some such statements as that "the embryonic life of man is almost an epitome of the animal

kingdom, beginning with characters common to the moners and worms, and ending with the vertebrates." (Packard.) The beginnings of this theory are presented in Chambers' "Vestiges of Creation," which outlines the development of the human brain, through all the various stages in which it resembles the brains of lower animals, from the "avertebrate" type to the human, during the period of gestation. It has since been much elaborated by such enthusiasts as Haeckel and Le Conte, who do not hesitate to represent it as in the highest sense significant and established. The same analogies are extended to every part of the developing organism. Thus Haeckel is quoted as "identifying" no less than twenty-two separate types of organism exemplified by stages in the growth of the embryo. Prominent among these are "structureless protoplasm, (moner), egg, morula, planula, gastrula (sac stage), ascidian (exhibiting what some regard as the homologue of a spinal marrow), amphioxus, low shark, amphibian, monotreme, marsupial, lemurid, tailed monkey, tailless ape, Papuan (*Anthropogenic*)."

Such statements are made with a confidence and naivete that might lead the general unbiological reader to suppose that the resemblances referred to were somewhat other than of a rather vague and general character, which is not the case.

Professor Le Conte gives the following estimate of the development of the human brain, which is worthy quotation, not only for sake of fairness, but also in way of exhibiting the quality of his logical analysis, and the temper of dogmatic certainty which he assumes. He says:

"Now, why should this peculiar order be observed in the building of the individual brain? We find the answer, the only conceivable scientific answer to this question, in the fact that *this is the order of the building of the vertebrate brain by evolution* throughout geological history. We have already seen that fishes were the only vertebrates living in Devonian times. The first form of brain, therefore, was that characteristic of that class. Then reptiles were introduced; then birds and marsupials; then true mammals; and lastly man. The different styles of brains characteristic of these classes were, therefore, successively made by evolution from earlier and simpler forms. In phylogeny* this order was observed because these successive forms were necessary for perfect adaptation to the environment at each step. In taxonomy* we find the same order, because, as already explained, every stage in advance in phylogeny is still represented in existing forms. In ontogeny* we have still the same order, because ancestral

**Phylogeny*, the history of the evolution of a species or group: tribal history; ancestral development.

Taxonomy, the department of science that embodies the principles of classification; * * * especially the branch of biology that treats of the systematic classification of organisms or of morphological facts.

Ontogeny, the history of the evolution of the individual; germ-history; the development of the individual.

From *New Standard Dictionary*, (1913).

characteristics are inherited, and family history recapitulated in the individual history."—*Evolution and Its Relation to Religious Thought*.

As a preparation for his invasion of the field of "religious thought," Professor Le Conte evidently assumes the seat of authority of the "new dogmatism," making a series of utterly indefensible statements, to be accepted, apparently, "because he knows the facts"—of biology. We may judge of his qualifications as a philosopher by his method of handling his facts. Thus, as we shall argue, the "order observed in the building of the individual brain" is not explained *only* by his "only conceivable scientific answer:" there are other answers quite as conceivable and quite as scientific. His assumption that "fishes were the only vertebrates living in Devonian times" is an unmitigated dogma, and one in which he is contradicted by Huxley's theories, as already seen. As for his jumble of learned terms, we might excuse his pedantry, but for the fact that the type of "religion" which he, and his school, would foist upon the world has no other excuse than to afford a pretense of piety to people who lack courage to acknowledge that they are really atheists. But this is the role of our evolution "theologies."

In addition to the indicated similarities to be observed in the process of developing the individual vertebrate and human brain, quite analogous stages are to be observed in the progressive up-building of the heart, and have been suggested in connection with several other organs. The most triumphantly used argument, however, is that which urges the fact that the embryo, at a certain stage, shows true gill slits, like a fish or other water-breather—and the statement of this fact is frequently made in italic type—which is urged as a certain evidence of the persistence of "ancestral structures," supplanted by quite different organs in the adult animal. Dr. Romanes sums the general points of the argument, as follows:

"Now this progressive inheritance by higher types of embryological characteristics common to lower types is a fact which tells greatly in favor of the theory of descent, whilst it seems almost fatal to the theory of design. For instance, to take a specific case, Mr. Lewes remarks of a species of salamander—which differs from most salamanders in being exclusively terrestrial—that, although its young ones can never require gills, yet, * * * * when placed in the water the young ones swim about like the tadpoles of the water newt. Now, to suppose that these utterly useless gills were specially designed, is to suppose design without any assignable purpose; for even the far-fetched assumption that a unity of ideal is the cause of organic affinities, becomes positively ridiculous when applied to the case of embryonic structures, which are destined to disappear before the animal is born. Who, for instance, would have the courage to affirm that the Deity had any such motive in providing, not only the unborn young of specially created salamanders, but also the unborn young of specially created man, with the essential anatomical feature of gills?

"But this remark leads us to consider a little more attentively the anatomical features presented by the human embryo. The gill-slits

just mentioned occur on each side of the neck, and to them the arteries run in branching arches as in a fish. This, in fact, is the stage through which the branchiae of a fish are developed, and, therefore, in fishes the slits remain open during life, while the so-called 'visceral arches' throw out filaments which receive the arterial branches coming from the aortic arches, and so become the organs of respiration, or branchiae. But in all other vertebrata (*i. e.*, except fishes and amphibia) the gill-slits do not develop branchiae, become closed (with the frequent exception of the first), and so never subserve the function of respiration. Or, as Mr. Darwin states it, 'At this period the arteries run in arch-like branches, as if to carry the blood to the branchiae, which are not present in the higher vertebrata, though the slits on the sides of the neck still remain, marking their former position.' * *

"At a later period the human embryo is provided with a very conspicuous tail, which is considerably longer than the rudimentary legs occurring at that period of development, and which Professor Turner has found to be provided with muscles—the extensor, which is so largely developed in many animals, being especially well marked.

"Again, as Mr. Darwin says, 'In the embryos of all air-breathing vertebrates, certain glands, called the corpora Wolffiana, correspond with and act like the kidneys of mature fishes;' and during the sixth month the whole body is covered very thickly with wool-like hair—even the forehead and ears being closely coated; but it is, as Mr. Darwin observes, 'a significant fact that the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet are quite naked, like the inferior surfaces of all four extremities in most of the lower animals,' including monkeys."—*Scientific Evidence of Organic Evolution.*

The average evolutionist discussion of embryology might readily lead the casual and superficial reader to suppose that the development of the embryo of any species of animal is one long series of protean changes, or kaleidoscopic rearrangements of elements, in which it masquerades, first in one semblance, then in another, before settling down to the sober business of life. Such a person might even conceive the notion that a developing embryo, taken at any "typical period," and placed in a favorable environment, might be expected to begin its independent existence, there and then, as an "ascidian, amphioxus, low shark, amphibian," or even a "tailed monkey," and grow old and die in that form, without further development, precisely like the gill-breathing young of the land-dwelling "salamanders" mentioned by Romanes. That such is not the case, however, scarcely needs be said. The embryo of any higher animal is essentially and unalterably an embryo merely, an incomplete being in process of forming, and, if removed prematurely from its natural environment, before a definite very advanced period, will infallibly perish. Furthermore, the specified structural and functional analogies to certain lower animals, shown, as stated, by vertebrate embryos, are of the most superficial and empirical character, mere casual resemblances, in fact, which would lead no one to suspect a "recapitulatory" significance, apart from the desire to discover fresh "evidence" for a preassumed theory.

Because the effort of theorists is to accumulate as large a number as possible of facts in supposed support of their hypoth-

esis, we find such writers as Haeckel mentioning among recapitulated "ancestral types," the "morula, planula, astrula," mere stages of inevitable cell-division all, to be observed in the process of developing any many-celled individual from the one-cell ovum. Why this process includes the several stages found, we cannot, of course, undertake to determine. That such stages surely indicate "ancestral types," rather than the simple rule of all cell-work whatever, ancestral or not, is a statement utterly gratuitous and unsupported; and that in spite of the fact that some of the lowest orders of life do actually show the "gastrula," and other forms of many-cell structure as permanent life-forms. Such "animals" as the one-celled amoeba, for example, reproduce by "division;" a process in which the original cell and its nucleus both give out a portion of the substance forming the original individual, thus forming a new one, which performs the same function over and over again, thus continuing the "species." The difference between this order of being and those consisting of many cells is that, in the latter case, the numerous consecutive cell-divisions—one into two, two into four, four into eight, etc.,—are made for the definite purpose of beginning the building-up of tissues and organs, in the structure of which all the individual cells co-operate to form an active unit, and, under normal conditions, attempt no semblance of separate existence, either singly or in groups.

One fact which writers like Haeckel neglect to mention in the "recapitulation" connection is the actual "difference in kind" between the behavior of amoeba and the development of *Coelenterata* of the gastrula type, in the formation of which a hollow sphere, composed of numerous distinct, but closely-associated cells, becomes turned in upon itself, as it were, so as to form a double-walled sac. Nor, even admitting that the gastrula type of creature may have resulted from an "acquired habit" in numerous separate one-cell individuals of associating to form sphere or gastrula "colonies," which later became true many-celled individuals, is there any certain explanation of further assumed development into the "higher" and more complex forms of creature; certainly and assuredly of nothing in any way resembling the processes occurring in the course of developing a vertebrate, or other higher animal by ordinary ovulation or gestation.

The life-story of the developing embryo indicates surely that the one object involved in the several stages of cell-division, by which the one original cell subdivides to form an association of numerous smaller cells, is to afford the vehicle for the embryo itself, which, as we may state here, does not result from further transformations of the total mass of cells—by which, for example, the gastrula passes into a "bi-gastrula," and that into something still more differentiated, by any number of stages that might be imagined—but is formed from a select few of them, in a definite locality, and is protected and nourished by the remainder. Nor is

there any very evident analogy between this process and the "delegation" of functions to separate sets of cells or organisms, as seen in the colony-forming zoophytes.

In order to support our contention that the early stages, at least, of cell-division and combination in the process of developing and nourishing the embryo, argue to no "ancestral references" whatever, we may outline these stages. After the formation of the cell-cluster known as "morula"—this is the Latin word for mulberry, and is used because of the resemblance—we find that in the central cavity, formed by the numerous associated cells, a special form of cell-combination begins, in a definite area known as the "embryonal disc," and quickly spreads, giving rise to the three-layered "blastoderm" (*i. e.*, "germ-skin"). The next stage is the appearance, on the "embryonal disc" of a definite thickening, upon which appears the so-called "primitive groove," the first rudiments of the "longitudinal axis" of the vertebrate animal. At a similar stage in the development of arthropods, for example, we find, instead of such a groove, a series of segments, characteristic of the transverse divisions of the mature body structure, which is suggestive of the fact that the difference between vertebrate and invertebrate life-forms is to be discerned upon the first definite appearance of the germ. This vertebrate "primitive groove" becomes closed at both ends, by the meeting and fusing of its ends, thus forming an outline resembling a flattened ring, or a very much elongated letter "o." Its edges then close longitudinally, transforming it into a tube. At one end of this closed "groove" is begun the development of the head, and at the other, of the lower extremities of the trunk. The embryo, thus laid down in the bare outline of the creature to develop from it, is now enclosed in the folds of the decidua, formed from the inner layer of the blastoderm, known as the "hypoblast," which thus produces its enveloping sac, known thereafter as the "amnion."

Thus, as is evident, the embryo arises, not from a recombination of all the cells of the "morula," or of the derived "blastoderm," but from a selected few of them, gathered at a definite region on its wall. In other words, the process of germ-development seems to begin as a substitution, rather than a metamorphosis, in course of which the part absorbs the whole, and a new type of life-form builds itself up from the material of the old. It may be admissible to compare the process to the growth of a parasitic organism, which begins by involving certain few cells in a definite locality, and aims to absorb into itself the entire cell-structure, for its own use and nourishment. In view of such facts, we may understand that Haeckel's first five "recapitulatory stages" are very imperfectly obvious.

(This subject in the series of articles will be concluded in the February number.)

Why Turkey was Drawn into the War

BY DR. JOSEPH M. TANNER

Turkey has for a number of years diplomatically and financially been tied up with Germany. In case the Allies win, it is not at all unlikely that one of the great assets of the war will be the so-called Bagdad railroad, under process of construction from Scutari, on the Bosphorus, to Bagdad, in the Mesopotamia. This railroad and its tributaries will without doubt be a war indemnity.

Furthermore, in case of the success of the Allies, Russia has at her command sufficient influence in the Balkan peninsula to involve Turkey again in war with the Balkans. Russia would naturally, therefore, become a party to such a war and reach out after more country in the eastern part of Asia Minor. All these probabilities had a powerful influence in Constantinople, with the war party, in persuading the Turks to fix the period for their entrance into the war that would be most advantageous to them. Such, at any rate, was the reason for the war party at Constantinople. Plausibility for such a process of reasoning was without doubt greatly helped by the distribution of German gold. Those who are at all familiar with conditions in the Balkan peninsula and Turkey know something of the extravagant manner in which the Russians and Austrians and the Germans distribute money for political favors. Turkish generals are not above political corruption. They are perhaps the most susceptible of all peoples in Europe. Their love of display and, above all, the meagre financial opportunities which their country offers them, make temptations all the greater in a poverty-stricken country like Turkey.

There was at Constantinople a powerful faction that was bitterly opposed to the war. Its leaders could see some possibility of averting calamities to Turkey if it remained neutral, and it was, of course, possible that England and France would restrain Russia in its efforts to aggrandize any part of the Ottoman empire. While these considerations were discussed *pro* and *con*, Enver Pasha, the leading spirit of the Turkish revolution and the war party at Constantinople, was without question under the domination of German influence. German officers were there by the scores. They had money and they were just as extravagant in their assurances that Germany would finally win. Enver Pasha, with others, was no doubt made to believe that the entrance of Turkey into the war would not necessarily involve the Balkan states; the islands of the sea and Tripoli belonging to Italy and Greece would not be molested, at any rate until it became a matter of indifference to Germany and Austria whether Italy and Greece entered into the war as an aid to the Allies.

Turkey has a new Balkan problem on her eastern boundary, and a problem that is likely to give her a great deal of trouble in years to come. England and Russia have been for some years at work allotting to each other their interests in Persia (perhaps it would be more diplomatic to say, dividing up their spheres of influence). This recent movement by these great powers means an exploitation of that country. It means the opening of its mineral and agricultural wealth, the establishment of railroads and the extension of commerce. England and Russia will press on from the east in Persia westward into the Ottoman empire. They will undertake to compete with Germany and demand concessions that will make the eastern boundary of the Turkish empire more troublesome even than the Balkans have been.

The Turks have believed for a number of years that their interests lie with Germany, and in the language of Lord Salisbury, "They have put their money up on the Teutonic horse." The whole matter, however, has been with the Turks a gamble. Turkey must have an alliance. On its alliance its existence has depended for a great number of years, and its relation to Germany has made Turkey quite as dependent upon Germany as is Austria today, although there is no definite alliance. Students of history have long believed that there has been a secret understanding between the Turks and the Germans, something perhaps in the nature of an entente.

The Page

[A New Year Poem.]

Another page is turned in life's great book,
 Another chapter finished of the tome
 That must, by mine own hand, completed be,
 Ere I, like you, Old Year, be gathered home.

My finger-tips caress the fluttering leaves,
 All indexed under title of "The Past;"
 For some are writ with sanguine ink benign,
 Though some bear marks that bitter tears have cast.

At my right hand there lies a goodly store
 Of leaves uncut, and oh! I wonder much
 If one or more shall yet their pages yield
 Unto a Future's kind or cruel touch.

Then, once again, mine eyes turn toward the page
 Awaiting the inscription yet to be,
 And from my heart a prayer ascends to Him
 Who gives your gift to you and mine to me.

GRACE INGLES FROST.

The Boy and the Farm

The Vocation and Industries supervisors and counselors of the Y. M. M. I. A., as well as parents, and all who are interested in vocations, will delight to read the following excerpts from a speech delivered by the Hon. Thomas L. Rubey, of Missouri, in the House of Representatives (March 5, 1914.) He was speaking on making appropriations for the Department of Agriculture for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1915, a bill before the House providing for an appropriation of ten million dollars for the direct aid to agriculture in the United States. The year previous Congress appropriated fifty thousand dollars to start, in the Department of Agriculture, a division of markets. This appropriation has now been increased to two hundred thousand, and the division of markets bids fair to become one of the most important functions of the government. When it has been fully organized and put into complete operation, it is expected that it will save hundreds of millions of dollars. Both the producer and the consumer will be benefited by this great saving.

As reported in the *Record*, Mr. Rubey said among other things:

MR. CHAIRMAN, I want to discuss some phases of that great calling known and recognized by all men in all ages as the oldest, most honorable, as well as the most important vocation ever followed by mortal man—agriculture. [Applause.] We are today in the midst of a great awakening in the study and development of agriculture. Never before in the history of our country has the importance of the farming industry so impressed itself upon the minds of men in every walk of life as at the present time. The banker, merchant, manufacturer, railroad man have all awakened to its importance. They have at last come to realize that under present conditions it is not only desirable for the success of their own business, but they have concluded that agriculture and the success of agriculture is for the benefit of all, and upon it depends the happiness and prosperity of the entire Nation. [Applause.] Today if you will go with me to the meeting of any banking association, I care not whether it be an association of bankers in their national convention or whether it be an association of bankers in their State convention, you will find upon an examination of their programs that they are devoting a very large part of their time to the discussion of the subject of agriculture. They are striving earnestly to bring about increased prosperity among the farmers and to improve the general conditions of rural life. Railway officials are constantly sending out over their lines specially equipped agricultural trains fitted up with exhibits of farm products and modern machinery. These trains are accompanied by the best agricultural lecture talent that can be obtained. Their coming is heralded weeks in advance, stops are made at important stations, and everything possible done to

arouse the people to the importance of agricultural development. In almost every city and town of importance in the land commercial clubs have been organized and earnest efforts are being made by them to secure hearty co-operation between the city and the country.

Why this awakening? In the early days of this Republic our population was small, the amount of rich, fertile land available for cultivation was great. The farmers in those days paid little or no attention to methods of cultivation; they cared nothing about rotation of crops; the question of soil fertility did not bother them. When a piece of land, by reason of long use, became less productive, they simply cleared up another to take its place. The rich, virgin soil brought forth abundant harvests, the farmer had plenty and to spare, and his surplus went to feed the people of other lands. Today we are face to face with new conditions. Our population has reached nearly the 100,000,000 mark and is increasing by leaps and bounds. * * * * Within thirty or forty years there will be 200,000,000 people in this country, and the question will then arise, how are they to be fed and clothed? The amount of good land suitable for farming purposes is growing less and less. With the growth of population has come the development of other industries—mining, manufacturing, and commerce. There is an ever-increasing population in the cities and a consequent decreasing population in the rural communities. Production has not kept pace with the increasing numbers, and how we shall feed and clothe our people will soon become the all-important question. * * * *

The decrease in the number of cattle, sheep, and hogs year by year threatens our meat supply, and the decreased production of grain threatens to take from us our daily bread. These are serious conditions which confront us. People all over the land have come to realize the gravity of the situation, and this accounts for the increased activities in behalf of better farming and for improved conditions of country life. How to make the farm more productive, obtain a better quality of products, conserve the fertility of the soil, bring the farmer better returns for his labors, make country life more attractive, keep upon the farm those who are already there, and induce still others to take up this noble calling. These are the questions which confront not only us but the people everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the land.

It is a deplorable fact, and one to be greatly regretted, that in this country of ours thousands upon thousands of bright, intelligent country boys and girls leave the farm every year to engage in other vocations. How can this great exodus be stopped? These boys and girls constitute the most important factor of farm life, and if they can be kept on the farm the future success of agriculture will be solved. How can it be done? Let us consider this question for a moment. The boy should be made to feel that he is an important factor in the development of the farm. He should be taken into partnership and should have an interest in the grain, live stock, and, where possible, in the farm itself. He should be encouraged to study agriculture and to familiarize himself with improved methods of farming.

A little more than a year ago I stood in a great assembly hall in the historic city of Columbia, S. C. All around me were hundreds of boys and girls, representative of the flower of the youth of that fair land. They were the winners of the boys' corn clubs and the girls' canning and tomato clubs. As I looked into the bright, upturned faces of those boys and girls my mind went beyond them; I saw in my imagination the great army of boys and girls, numbering thousands, who had contested with them for the prizes, and I said to my-

self, here indeed is an illustration of what can be done to arouse the enthusiasm of the youth of the land. These boys and girls will not leave the farm to fight their way in unknown and untried vocations. They will stay where they are, and in the future years they will be the men and women who will stand for better agriculture and advanced farm life throughout all that great Southland. [Applause.] What has been done in the South is being done in other parts of this country. We have clubs in the North, East, and West, and they are doing wonderful work to encourage boys and girls to remain on the farm. Corn clubs, poultry clubs, pig clubs, canning clubs, tomato clubs, potato clubs, organized among the boys and girls in every community will instill into them a love of agriculture and will solve the question of keeping them upon the farm.

Last summer more than 200,000 boys engaged in the corn-club contests. All could not win a prize, but the efforts put forth by each one of them will not be lost. Let us see what has been accomplished. The world's record was won by a fourteen-year-old boy from Alabama, who produced 232.7 bushels of corn on one acre. The average production of corn for the whole United States is about thirty bushels to the acre. In the corn clubs of the North and West the average production was nearly 114 bushels, while in those of the South the average production was 154 bushels to the acre.

Fortune did not favor all. The drought struck the crops of a boy in my own State, and when he was asked by the agent of the Department of Agriculture to report the results of his efforts he penned his reply in poetry, as follows:

MY CORN

No use for a boy to look forlorn
When it's too dry in the Ozarks to raise good corn.
He can feed the fodder to the goats
And throw the nubbins to the shoats.
I did the best that I know how—
I used the harrow, then the plow.
I plowed it deep and close at first,
Then plowed it shallow to quench its thirst;
But it remained dry as dry could be.
I looked and looked and looked in vain—
If I do not succeed, I'll try again.

Improved roads, improved schools, especially the consolidation of districts and the organization of country high schools, will do much to make country life more attractive and keep the boys and girls at home. How many well-to-do farmers with large families have you known, who felt compelled to move to town to educate their children? The farmer who moves to town for the purpose of educating his children weans the boys and girls away from the farm; they become enamored with city life, and rarely, if ever, return to the farm. We have in almost every city and town a number of farmers who have retired from farm life and with their families have moved to town. The farmer who thus retires from farm life and takes the boys and girls to the city strikes a deadly blow at the great industry which he has so long pursued.

The best place on earth to raise a boy is upon the farm. High schools should be established in the country. We should take the high school out to the boys and girls in the country rather than bring the boys and girls to the high school in the city. [Applause.] Keep them upon the farm, educate them upon the farm; if necessary, in

order to educate them, send them from the farm to the near-by city school. What if the boy does have to walk two or three miles to school; it is good for him; will make him sturdy, robust, and healthy. The happiest days of my life were those when as a boy I walked two and a half miles from the farm to the city school. [Applause.]

But, Mr. Chairman, what is being done in the States to encourage the boys and girls upon the farm? My friend from South Carolina, Mr. Lever, can tell you what they are doing in his state. My good friend Mr. Candler, of Mississippi, can tell you what they are doing in his state. Let me tell you briefly what is doing in Missouri to encourage the poor boys who live out upon the farms. A few weeks ago one of our great daily papers, the *St. Louis Republic*, began the task of raising money with which to send twelve poor boys from the farms to the State agricultural college. It was proposed to pay the entire expenses of each boy at the college for one year. Money came in rapidly, subscriptions came from bankers, merchants, lawyers, and men in every vocation of life, and in a very short time they raised enough to send twelve boys to the agricultural college. But the work did not stop there. It was taken up by the country press all over the State, and country editors are today raising money with which to send one poor boy from each county to the State agricultural college. The result will be that when the agricultural college opens next September there will be from 100 to 200 poor farmer boys there to receive the advantages of a year's study in agriculture. When their work has been completed and they have returned to the farms each one of them will not only be better prepared for the work himself, but he will spread information and increase the enthusiasm for advanced agriculture in the community in which he resides.

Right here, Mr. Chairman, I want to emphasize one thing, lest we forget: We must not neglect the man upon the small farm. The man away out yonder at the head of the hollow, with forty acres of land, striving earnestly and manfully to earn a livelihood for himself and family, is entitled to our consideration and our encouragement. [Applause.] We want to remember that man as well as the man who lives upon the thousand-acre farm. [Applause.] The small farmer should be encouraged and helped by both State and Nation. Take care of the small farmer and the large one will take care of himself. It is far more important in this great country of ours that we should have a large number of small farms, well cultivated, than a fewer number of large farms. [Applause.] The tenant should be encouraged to become a landowner; we should in every way possible discourage farming by proxy and encourage the man to own the land which he cultivates. [Applause.]

The ERA is informed, by Prof. J. C. Hogenson, of the Agricultural College, that the sweepstakes champion in boys' club work for the State of Utah, 1914, is Howard Dalton, of Willard. He was given the prize for raising the best half-acre of potatoes in Utah, and will be given a free trip to the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco. Mr. Dalton joined the Boys' Club of the Willard school, early last spring, entering the potato contest, which was started in Box Elder county in January, 1914. Mr. Dalton's work, in every phase, has been done thoroughly and carefully, and in accordance with the instructions of those in charge. Cultivation was the big feature in his work, the crop

being matured with but two applications of irrigation water. As far as could be determined, the plants were free from disease. The crop was harvested about the third week in September, and a selection was made by Mr. Dalton and sent to the state fair. A careful measurement of the product showed a yield of seven hundred and twenty bushels per acre. Dalton's score was 84.8, and his nearest competitor's, 82.9. The judges were Prof. Henry Peterson, principal of the Jordan High School; Prof. Junius Andres, Ogden High School; Prof. H. P. Barrows, of the University of Utah. The general opinion was that young Dalton did a splendid piece of work.



HOWARD DALTON
Sweepstakes Champion of Utah in
Boys' Club Work



CASSIA STAKE CLASS IN M. I. A. LEADERSHIP

The class in the three-days' course in leadership at Oakley, Idaho, for the Cassia stake closed on November 11th with a grand ball in honor of Oscar A. Kirkham and Emily C. Adams, members of the General Boards M. I. A. The class attendance was close to 150, two being from Boise stake. The enthusiasm increased each day. "The wisdom of this class of instruction," writes Stake President Wm. T. Jack, "to the young folks will be more and more apparent as the years come and go. It is another witness of the inspiration of our leaders in Israel. May the Lord bless them."

Editors' Table

A Happy New Year

We bid all a Happy New Year. Amidst the turmoil of the world, may peace abide with you. May we all live so that the Spirit of God may dwell in our hearts and abound in our homes.

May our hearts be softened in prayer to God,—in that prayer which is a leading part in the great gospel of both temporal and spiritual life and salvation; the prayer that inclines men to walk in light and truth, and lifts them above the very appearance of sin. So shall we be prevented from becoming so absorbed in our temporal blessings that we forget the Giver of all good gifts who possesses the earth and the fulness thereof. His it is by right divine. He has given it to us to use freely, but without covetousness. We are not to grasp for more than will be for our good, for we thus hinder others from receiving their share of God's providence and love. In return for his blessing to us, he expects that we shall render service by sharing with others—the good and the not good, the just and the unjust, even as he allows his sun to shine upon the good and the evil.

Prayer helps us to remember and to appreciate. Then, let us pray as one of old: "Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me: lest I be full, and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain;" and the Lord will continue to bless us. He will grant us all a Happy New Year.

A Notable Missionary Tour

The main event of the recent missionary trip of President Joseph F. Smith and his party to the Central and Southern states, and California missions, was the dedication of a \$25,000 chapel in Independence, Jackson County, Missouri, the land of Zion. It was a notable and historical event. The chapel was dedicated by President Smith on November 22. Three meetings were held, that day. The house was filled to overflowing, many representative citizens being in attendance at each session.

Then followed the visit to leading mission quarters and cities in the South, the main features of which were the sermons on the

first principles of the gospel, delivered by Presidents Smith and Penrose, and by Elders George Albert Smith, Joseph F. Smith, Jr., Bishop Charles W. Nibley, and on one occasion by Sisters Smith, Penrose and Nibley. They had large audiences in Memphis and Chattanooga, Tenn., in Atlanta, Ga., in Jacksonville, Fla., El Paso, Texas, and Los Angeles, Cal. Many representative citizens shook hands with them and congratulated them. In Jacksonville the first Latter-day Saint meetinghouse had been burned down by a mob some years ago, but the present house was built on the same spot. Some of those who assisted in burning the former house, had aided in the erection of the present one. The people there were most friendly, and at the afternoon meeting in the Woodmen of the World hall, 650 people attended, and the speakers were applauded. While in Jacksonville, a new meetinghouse site was inspected on which will be erected a building to cost between five and six thousand dollars. At El Paso President Smith gave advice to the Mexican refugees who are still there, the El Paso *Herald* giving a full and favorable report of his sermon, and summarized it thus:

"We want peace in Mexico so that our people can return, but we have a deeper feeling than this.

"We want peace because we feel for the people of Mexico, we see them cursed by all of the horrors of bloody strife. It is a sad, sad sight."

After holding meetings in the Los Angeles mission chapel, the party returned to Salt Lake on December 9, having spent three weeks, in a successful and most remarkable missionary tour. Concerning it the First Presidency in their "Greetings" in the Christmas *News* says:

"A cause of great rejoicing and encouragement is the evident change of sentiment among thinking people everywhere in reference to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Numerous visitors to our chief cities have become acquainted with actual conditions here, in seeing the 'fruits of Mormonism' for themselves. Numberless tourists who have been on our Temple block and have obtained knowledge through our efficient Bureau of Information established there, have carried back to their homes an understanding of the truth concerning us. And the missionaries, in their travels, by the excellent example they set of purity in their lives, sincerity in their callings and the 'love of the neighbor,' shown forth in their gratuitous work for the uplifting of humanity, have made a favorable impression upon the public mind, and the former feeling of animosity has in a great degree been changed to one of admiration.

"In the recent tour of two of the First Presidency and party through the Central and Southern States and California Missions this change has been manifested in a most striking manner. In regions where our elders in times past have been beaten with many stripes, and some of them have lost their lives while promulgating the gospel of peace, this company of ministers have been received with the greatest respect and courtesy. Prominent people in the different

cities that were visited came forward and expressed their good-will and their appreciation of the discourses that were delivered and the presence among them of the servants of the Lord. The journey was made through seventeen different States of the Union, covering over six thousand one hundred miles of railway transportation, holding numerous crowded meetings, and paying brief visits to notable places, without any accident or misfortune; and the kindness exhibited and the aid afforded by railway officials everywhere, as well as the numerous friendly newspaper notices, combined to prove clearly that public opinion is changing wonderfully, and the faith and works of the Latter-day Saints are being discovered in their true light."

"Mormonism"—Historically, Doctrinally, Prophetically

Elias, the great epic poem of the Latter-day Saints, by Orson F. Whitney, has recently appeared in a new edition. In the popular new form it is sold in different bindings, ranging in cost from 65 cents, \$1, \$1.50 to \$2 per copy. It is most appropriate for holiday or birthday gifts. As we learn from the foreword, *Elias* was begun in 1900, and first published in the autumn of 1904, in an edition de luxe of 150 copies, with two less pretentious editions that were subscribed for by friends of the author. Since the first edition was printed, the author has brought the work into a more finished state, the results of which are now placed before the reader in this beautiful edition. The poem consists of twelve parts, a prelude, ten cantos, and an epilogue. An important and valuable addition is appended consisting of 314 explanatory notes of reference, the same being for the benefit of students. Recently the work was introduced as a text book in the Church schools, hence the annotations. The poem is a comprehensive presentation of the vast theme of "Mormonism," historically, doctrinally and prophetically; and the experiences of the Church of Christ in various dispensations are graphically portrayed. "The medial point is the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times, the era of restitution, when the house of God is to be set in order, and all things in Christ are to be gathered in one." To those who enjoy a real study of "Mormonism" in exalted, poetic dissertation, this work will strongly appeal. Every student of the "Mormon" people and their religion will find opportunity afforded in this great work to study their beliefs on man's origin and destiny, and the direct dealings of God with man upon earth, in both former dispensations and in our own dispensation.

Following is a brief synopsis of the contents:

Canto 1 describes the author's spiritual awakening; his preparation for singing the "Song of the Ages." Canto 2 represents him as soliloquizing upon his native mountains where he meets "The Soul of Song," and is inspired to sing the epic of time and eternity. Canto 3, "Elect of Elohim," is the beginning of the poem proper. It glimpses

the pre-existence—the choosing of the Christ, the rebellion of Lucifer, the Savior's descent to earth, his crucifixion and return to glory. Canto 4, "Night and the Wilderness," portrays the spiritual night that followed the setting of the Sun of Righteousness, a night lit by moon and stars—the Holy Spirit, the Apostolic Twelve, and lesser lights twinkling down through the dark ages and onward into modern times. Canto 5, "The Messenger of Morn," is the story of the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times. Canto 6, "From Out the Dust," is a poetic abridgment of the Book of Mormon. Canto 7, "The Arcana of the Infinite," presents the advanced principles of the gospel. Canto 8, "The Lifted Ensign," signifies the organization of the Church in latter days. Canto 9, "Upon the Shoulders of the Philistine," portrays the westward movement of God's people, incidental to the gathering of scattered Israel. The concluding canto represents Joseph the Seer as viewing the future and foretelling to his people their great destiny. The Epilogue is an address to Elias, the angel of restoration, of preparation, and eternal progress who, in response to the poet's invocation, proclaims his identity with the guiding genius of every great movement that has benefited mankind.

Canto 10, "The Parted Veil," reveals the vision of the Prophet Joseph Smith as he beheld the future destiny of the world, and of the Saints in their settlements in the Rocky Mountains. Preceding the prophet's vision are a number of verses generalizing what follows in detail, and in which the author in stately and beautiful lines eulogizes the glorious West, the home of the Latter-day Saints:

"Whose but a prophet's eye such end could see?
Whose but a prophet's tongue the issue tell?—
A modern march of ancient destiny,
Another Exodus and Israel,
Bidding his bonds, his all, save hope, farewell,
Widening, 'mid alien wastes, true freedom's fame,
Where bondage, chained to darkness, fain would dwell;
And rearing temples to Jehovah's name,
Where looms the Aztec's altar, quenched of its ancient flame.

"There bringing forth the promise of thy land,
O rare and wondrous West!—the prophecy
Of glittering cities strewn along thy strand,
Of golden empire of the sunset sea!
God-gifted Seer, while gazing endlessly,
Sawest thou an Eden on the desert brine,
Begirt with desolation's mystery,
Ere gusht the riven rock with milk and wine,
Where all was treeless waste and sun-baked alkaline!

"Sawest thou, O prophet! till the pioneer
Built his eagle nest, and pure and brave
Homed on the white-helmed peak and crystal mere?
O matchless land—the home their valor gave,
Mighty in will to bless, in work to save,
Redeemed, redeeming, all must own thy worth!
Slander may wound thee, tyranny enslave,
Still thou art mine, loved land of all the earth,
Land of the honey-bee, land of my mortal birth!

"Land prest by footprint of my pilgrim sire;
 Land visioned by my more than sire, whose soul
 Swept the far future with a glance of fire,
 Bade hope, as memory, her page unroll;
 Beheld uplifting, as a parted scroll,
 The curtain from a kingdom yet to be,
 Binding in one world-realms from pole to pole;
 Saw monarchs bow, saw nations bend the knee,
 Saw dead and risen time take on eternity."

Brigham Young and the Poor Logger

"A Play-House," by Alfred Lambourne, is a new book just issued from the press of the *Deseret News*, treating the old Salt Lake Theatre. It is a sketch in the form of three short letters, and contains reminiscences of the scene painter's gallery with glimpses of the pioneers and a number of notables. It contains also a number of very interesting sidelights upon the past votaries of the dramas and tragedies that have been presented in the old play-house. In this work the noted author has crowded into sixty-four pages a story intensely interesting and full of history. The facts lead one to philosophize. The interest is carried from beginning to end, and many notable characters, local and foreign, receive passing consideration. Brigham Young and others are named, and many unnamed local characters are recalled between the lines. Henry Ward Beecher, the younger Charles Dickens, Oscar Wilde, George Francis Train, Victoria C. Woodhull, Theodore Tilton, Anna Eva Fay, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, Charles Bright, John B. Goff, Moody & Sankey, Rev. Joseph Cooke, De-witt Talmage, Charles Kingsley, Julia Dean, Henry M. Stanley, Edwin Booth, Mary Anderson, Langtry and many others, who have trodden the boards of the historic building, are among the celebrities brought before the reader. Here is a little anecdote of Brigham Young:

"How difficult is it to be in the first class, in the first class as a man, I mean. When the writer used to tell the following little anecdote verbally, he used to spice it with rather a malicious pleasure, perhaps, with the names of the second and third class men. But now they shall be left out. It may be that they are dead, and if yet living, they cannot play the game of little autocrats as once they did!

"The Big Picnic," as pioneers remember, was held at the head of a canyon in the Wasatch Mountains. The pine is yet standing, trimmed of its upper branches, of course, that served as a flag-pole on these occasions. One day, as the string of vehicles that brought back the picnic party at the end of the week was winding its way down the canyon road, it so happened that there was, also, trudging his way homeward, a poor wood-cutter, a logger, a man loaded down with his blankets, his pots and kettles, and making his way but wearily, through the hot dust of the canyon road. Nothing remarkable about that—but wait! Mr. Second-Class-Man went by; Mr. Third-Class-Man went by. Did either of them stop to take up his poor 'brother'?

No. Neither one nor the other offered to carry along his road the poor, tired wayfarer. Only there was more dust upon him than there was before. Mr. President's carriage went by. No! that is wrong. Mr. President's carriage did not go by. The man who had been unnoticed or ignored by the many, was taken up by the one. The President of the Church, the Governor, the Trustee-in-Trust, and what not, gave a place to the logger, and he was carried homeward, deposited at his very door.

"Not much of an anecdote after all, my friend. Yet I am inclined to believe with Thomas Carlyle: I believe that one such action recorded reveals to us more, a man who once lived, than a thousand glittering generalities."

The book is printed in large, clear type, is wide-margined, and embellished with sketches by Geo. M. Ottinger, James T. Harwood, Lee Greene Richards and Mahonri M. Young. Price \$1.00.

Original Story Contest

1. This contest is open to all. The IMPROVEMENT ERA offers \$25 for the best story in a monthly competition beginning in January and ending in June.

2. All stories for the first monthly competition must be in the hands of the editor by the 20th of January, and on the 5th of each month thereafter, and must contain not less than three thousand nor more than about five thousand words.

3. Competent judges will select the best story monthly and out of those received the writer of the winning story will be awarded \$25.

4. During the six months, winning stories will be printed, from time to time, in the IMPROVEMENT ERA.

5. At the close of the six months' contest, the best story out of the six will be selected by competent judges, and at the June conference the winning writer among the six will be awarded a gold pin by the IMPROVEMENT ERA.

6. Points of judgment:

a. For the central idea or leading incident—25 points.

b. The character study—10 points.

c. The soul or moral of the story—25 points.

d. The setting or word painting of the story—40 points.

7. If no story submitted is up to the standard required, no award will be made that month.

Further information may be obtained by addressing the Associate Editor of the IMPROVEMENT ERA.

Messages from the Missions

"This group represents President Wm. Gardner of the New Zealand Mission, in the center; President H. S. Geddes of the Hawkes

Bay conference, and members of the Maori College faculty, the wives and children of the college elders, and the traveling elders of Hawkes Bay. I doubt if any body of elders and Saints in the world are



AT THE L. D. S. MAORI AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

busier and happier than this little group, in the land of 'Aotearoa.' The work of the Lord is progressing in these islands and the elders are much encouraged through the future outlook."—S. J. Ottley.

William A. Schuldberg, Wasteras, Sweden, September 22: "We are laboring in the central part of Sweden. Our headquarters are at Wasteras, a prominent manufacturing city. Electrical machinery and



dynamos are made here which are recognized as among the best in the world. The city is located seventy miles west of Stockholm, on the beautiful Lake Malaren. Many of the people have accepted the gospel and our books and tracts are finding their way into many homes. This is especially the case with the Book of Mormon. Every time one of these books is left and read we gain a friend. The priests oppose our meetings very

much, but in spite of their slanderous opposition, our future looks bright. We have recently baptized four. Elders laboring in this branch: Erick J. Sorensen, Bear River City, Utah; William A. Schuldberg, Winder, Idaho. The latter is a native of this country, who has found his way to many of his former friends and relatives."

Elder Walter E. Clark, Council Bluffs, Iowa, November 10: "Many are being added to the fold of Christ in the West Iowa Con-

ference. The elders regard it both as a duty and a privilege, as well as a blessing, to be laboring in the cause and for that reason labor diligently to promulgate the principles that will bring love and peace



among mankind. Elders, left to right: George Gane Olsen, Beazer, Canada; Edgar Blackham, Moroni; Thomas E. Caldwell, Vernal; Wells J. Robertson, Spanish Fork, Utah; Oliver J. Choules, Preston; front: Walter E. Clark, conference president, Georgetown, Idaho; Mission President German E. Ellsworth; Llewellyn W. Killpack, retiring conference president, Fremont, Utah."



Lady missionaries of the Jacksonville (Fla.) branch: In the front is Sister Mary R. Whitaker, of Pocatello, wife of President W. P. Whitaker, holding her baby, which was born in Jacksonville. Next to her is Sister May Branch, of Coalville, Utah, and the young lady in the center is Sister Thurza Ellsworth, of Mesa, Arizona. These sisters are working diligently and very successfully. They have helped to make the Sunday School, Relief Society, and the M. I. A. flourishing institutions. And, in addition to this noble work, they have daily distributed tracts, and assisted in holding open air and cottage meetings.

Elders Robt. R. Cordner and Earl S. Harper, Yorkshire, England, November 2, 1914: "The city of Leeds contains more Jews than any

other city in the United Kingdom. Around it center most all the wool-weaving districts of Yorkshire. Weaving-sheds, clattering machinery, and huge smokestacks, belching forth their volumes of



smoke, are numerous, arresting the attention of the stranger, particularly one who is accustomed to a clear, sunshiny atmosphere. A thriving branch of the Leeds Conference of the Church is located at Leeds. The people here treat the elders with a degree of courtesy. Opposition is not often encountered, and only few

people believe bad things about the 'Mormons.' 'The church that performed our baptism, united us in marriage, and laid our dead in their resting places, is quite good enough for us,' is not the infrequent reply we get while out tracting. By unceasing work, however, we think God will permit us to realize a harvest in his own due time. Elders who have labored in the Leeds Branch, Leeds Conference, during the past year, left to right: John J. Haslam, Wellsville; Hazen W. Hillyard, Smithfield; Robt. R. Cordner, Provo; Earl S. Harper, Smithfield, Utah."

The elders and Saints of the Hyde branch, Manchester conference, England, held a successful harvest festival, October 19, last. Elder Clarence E. Harris writes: "There was a most magnificent display of fruits, vegetables and flowers contributed by the Saints and their friends. Fifty-eight were in attendance at the afternoon exercises, and in the evening ninety-one, thirty-nine of whom were



investigators, eleven of whom were present for the first time. On both these occasions elders addressed the people on topics appropriate to the occasion. On the following evening the festival was continued and a splendid program rendered after which fruit refreshments were served. The Relief Society at the close of the exercises took charge of

the vegetables and fruit remaining and distributed them to the worthy poor. By the small admission charged on Monday evening, we realized \$5.20 which we expended for Sunday School song books. Our friends were surprised and pleased with the event, and pronounced it equal to any that they had attended this season. Elders, back row, left to right: Rao B. Dunford, Bloomington, Idaho; Peter J. Peterson, Jr., Moroni; front row, Clarence E. Harris, Scofield; Samuel F. Nichols, Salt Lake City, Utah."

Elder Alvin D. Stoker, secretary of the Aalborg conference, Denmark, November 5: "There were only four elders in attendance at the semi-annual conference held in this city on the 3rd and 4th of October, owing to the fact that all the elders with the exception of the conference presidents, secretaries and a traveling elder of each conference have been released owing to the war conditions. The change, which was a great surprise to us, has upset our methods considerably. We had exceedingly good meetings during our conference, however, and are having good success in warning the Saints and encouraging them to live nearer to our Father in heaven. We are in a great deal of suspense, for we know not at what moment the terrible conflict now raging at our neighbors' doors will come to this little land of Denmark. All is



well at present, but the exports and imports at present are beginning to be rather uncertain again." Elders of the Aalborg conference, left to right, sitting: H. J. Christiansen, Scandinavian Mission president; W. M. Jensen, conference president, Brigham City; standing, Alvin D. Stoker, conference secretary, Clearfield; Erastus P. Peterson, Levan, Utah.

Elder Leslie Thomas Fay writes, November 8, from Leeuwarden, Holland: "The sailing of our elders from Rotterdam, a few weeks ago, upon their being released from their missionary labors, owing to the war, brought sadness to many homes and tears to many eyes. The missionaries were sad in leaving their friends in the old world, and the Saints mourned for the loss of their shepherds. A day may bring great changes. One day we were fifty strong in Holland, pushing earnestly the work of the Lord, but on the day following, the elders set sail for America, because of the word of release that had come. Nearly two hundred Saints gathered to see the boys off. Many turned to hide their tears, and in their hearts hoped and prayed that the word permitting Christ's servants to return would soon be spoken. As the steamer set sail from this blessed land, our prayers went up, and a hymn, 'Sing we now at parting,' burst forth in worship to God. We sang, though our hearts were aching, and the voices of the elders re-echoed the melody which died as they sailed away. We remain, ten in number, to care for and to cheer the flock, until the word shall be spoken that shall again cause the shepherds to return."

Priesthood Quorums' Table

Suggestive Lesson Outline for the Deacons

INTRODUCTION

In the Forest Dale ward, eight instructors were engaged in teaching that many quorums of the Lesser Priesthood. Entering the room and looking over the eight groups, the bishop said to one of the ward officers: "Note the difference in these teachers. There is one who seems at ease; his boys do the work. Yonder is another on a very great strain trying to entertain the boys. The first has the tact of getting his class to think; the second is doing practically all the thinking himself."

The class instructor must not be a preacher, a lecturer, nor an entertainer. His work resembles that of an instructor in a manual training shop, who goes from one busy boy to another, correcting, suggesting, and directing. He comes to his class prepared, not only on the subject matter, but also with problems, based on the lesson, which he is prepared to present to the class and help its members to think out. The instructor does not spend his time in exhorting, narrating facts nor playing upon the emotions of the boys. All these methods may have their place, but principally he is leading them to think out some truth for themselves.

Thinking is the action of the mind that leads to belief in what was formerly not known, and the gathering of evidence to support that belief. Thought will be secured from the Deacons, by the presentation of lessons as outlined below. To get the Deacons to think, is the object of every lesson.

Take, for example, chapter 15 in "*The Latter-day Prophet*." Most teachers would simply narrate the very interesting but rather disconnected events therein. It tells of the accident to Newel K. Whitney; the attempt to poison the Prophet; and the escape through inspiration; the visit of Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball to Kirtland; the prophecy regarding the Civil War, and the Word of Wisdom. Suppose, however, that the instructor should introduce this problem into the lesson: What tests are necessary to prove that a man is a prophet? To this direct question very simple answers would doubtless be given.

Additional questions bring forth answers like these: that prophecy consists in accurately foretelling an event before it takes place; that the boys of themselves are not able to foretell what will take place in the ward a year or five years hence; that the inspiration of the Lord is necessary to bring about prophecy; that a prophet does not always have the ability to foretell; that prophecy always has a useful purpose, and is never to gratify a vain ambition; and that the predictions of a prophet must be fulfilled. Then the subject matter of the lesson is discussed. Almost every event is shown to be a test that proves Joseph Smith to have been a prophet.

LESSON 1

The problem of lesson 1 may be, What was the character of the family of Joseph Smith, Sr.? Before starting, it is well to prepare

the mind as to what is considered a good family. This may be done by having the boys give their ideas on the following questions: What are evidences of a good, trustworthy family? Honesty in business and other affairs, industry, advancement in intelligence, God-fearing, etc., are characteristics of good families. When these conclusions have been reached, the class may begin to read chapter one. As different characteristics of the Smith family are met in the chapter, each may be commented on as to whether it is commendable. For example, what kind of a sign is it to be an industrious farmer? (2) To fight for the independence of the Thirteen Colonies? (3) To be a land owner? (4) To work hard? (5) To make sacrifices? (6) For father and son to work side by side? (7) For father to teach such things as mentioned in paragraph five? (8) For the mind to remain calm in the midst of religious excitement?

In answer to the last read the following: "Meanwhile, there was present during this strenuous religious revival in Manchester, a rather serious-minded boy of some fourteen years of age. He was the fourth child of the Smiths. The Smiths themselves were in the main attracted by the doctrines of the Presbyterians. But Joseph did not know what he should do. He attended the revival meetings. He witnessed the violent manifestations of religious emotion. Undoubtedly, he was deeply affected at times by the excessive demonstrations of his associates and friends. But through it all, he maintained a perfect self-control. Never once was he so overcome by his emotions that he took part in the excitement of his friends. He stood calmly, thoughtfully by—a spectator, puzzled, perplexed."—(*The Restoration of the Gospel*, O. J. P. Widtsoe, page 8.)

Close the class work on chapter one, with having two or three boys state the several points studied, as evidence of the good qualities of the family of Joseph Smith, Sr.

LESSON 2

Before beginning the lesson, recall the character of the family of Joseph Smith, Sr., and some of the evidences studied.

The problem for lesson two may be, Of what value is it to have the knowledge of the existence of the Lord? Before studying the chapter, get the boys to think about the following question: What is the difference between knowing and believing a thing? Then study chapter two. Ask such questions as the following: What was Joseph's belief concerning the words of the apostle James? What did his belief lead him to do? What was the answer to his prayer? What kind of a testimony could Joseph Smith bear to the world concerning God and Jesus Christ? Answer the question of the lesson. Of what kind of a family was Joseph Smith, Jr., a member? What kind of a boy was he? What does his testimony cause you to believe? Who is the new witness for God?

LESSON 3

Recall the important points of lessons one and two. The problem for lesson three may be: From what sources do the oppositions to the Gospel of Jesus Christ come? With the foregoing question as the aim of the lesson, it would be well to make it consist principally of paragraphs six (chapter two), and one, two, and three (chapter three). Additional readings are found in paragraphs 13-16 and 21 and 22, *Writings of Joseph Smith (II)*, Pearl of Great Price. Get the boys to think of their own experiences by answering the following ques-

tions: Who makes sport of you for being a "Mormon"? Who opposes your efforts to attend to your quorum duties? Why? Study the assignment as suggested in lesson two. Who tried to stop Joseph Smith from praying? Why did some ministers oppose the testimony of Joseph? Who helped Joseph to overcome the opposition? Why was it important for him (1) to see and hear God and Jesus Christ? (2) To feel the power of Evil?

In connection with this, read the testimony of Moses found in the Pearl of Great Price, chapter 1:1-22. Answer the general question of the lesson. From whom may we expect opposition to our belief in the Lord? Why?

LESSON 4

Review of last two lessons. The word prophet is derived from the two words "for," or before, and "to say," or to speak, and a prophet is one who foretells events. For whom did Joseph Smith, Jr., speak? How did he learn that fact? How did he learn that Satan exists? What was the mission of the Lord and his beloved Son in their visit to Joseph Smith? What was Satan's mission in visiting him?

Problem for lesson four:

How did Joseph Smith come to discover the Book of Mormon? This lesson may consist of paragraphs 4-9, chapter 3, and all of chapter 4.

Questions for preparing the mind to study the lesson. Tell how the Presiding Bishopric may learn from records, what we are doing now in our quorums. Who is our ward historian? Stake historian? Where are the records of our Church kept? Who is our present Church historian? Then, in four or five hundred years from now, how may men get a history of us? Who lived in America when Columbus discovered it? At one time these Indians had historians like our Church historians. The Lord had told them to make truthful records and carefully preserve them, because he wanted to use them for his purposes. Now, we want to find out how one of those Church historians helped Joseph Smith to get these records.

Study this lesson as suggested in lesson two.

What was the name of this ancient Church historian? How did he come to visit Joseph Smith? What mission was he sent to perform? How did he make sure that Joseph would understand what he was told? How did Moroni make sure that Joseph would remember what he was told? How did Joseph prove that Moroni's message was the truth? Answer the general question of the lesson.

Priesthood Quorums' Study, 1915.—For the Deacons, 1915.—"The Latter-day Prophet," same as used in the classes two years ago. Copies may be obtained from the ERA Office, price, cloth 40 cents, paper 25 cents.

For the Teachers, 1915.—"The Life of Christ," same text book as last year, price 15 cents, to be obtained also at the ERA office.

For the Priests, 1915.—"What the Priest should Know and Do," price 15 cents. Supplemental reading, "The Strength of Being Clean," by David Starr Jordan.

For the High Priests, Seventies, and Elders, 1915.—"Rational Theology," a new book by Dr. John A. Widtsoe, ready about Jan. 15, 1915. Price 25 cents. This book, and that for the Priests will be sent direct to the bishops.

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS' TABLE

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Attendance at Priesthood Meetings.—Bulletin No. 16, issued by the Presiding Bishop's Office, October 31, 1914, shows the average attendance of priesthood at weekly priesthood meetings for the three months ending Sept. 30, 1914, based on the total priesthood of stake, as follows:

	% Sept. 30	% June 30	% Mar. 31		% Sept. 30	% June 30	% Mar. 31
1—Liberty	23	27	30	34—Millard	11	13	24
2—Maricopa	23	21	32	35—Moapa	11	17	20
3—Pioneer	23	26	28	36—Nebo	11	13	23
4—Ogden	22	27	30	37—Wasatch	11	13	25
5—Taylor	22	26	32	38—Malad	10	17	25
6—Young	22	25	23	39—Shelley	10
7—Cassia	20	22	27	40—So. Sanpete	10	13	24
8—Alberta	19	26	34	41—Teton	10	12	*
9—Deseret	19	27	21	42—Utah	10	13	21
10—North Weber	13	13	23	43—Boise	9	12	19
11—Granite	18	23	27	44—Jordan	9	13	19
12—Fremont	17	22	27	45—Oncida	9	14	23
13—Salt Lake	17	19	19	46—Sevier	9	13	27
14—San Juan	17	17	22	47—Bear River	8	20	27
15—Snowflake	17	17	22	48—Emery	8	13	21
16—Box Elder	16	22	32	49—Hyrum	8	12	27
17—Carbon	16	22	23	50—Tooele	8	9	18
18—Ensign	16	20	22	51—Woodruff	8	11	18
19—Juab	16	18	27	52—Bannock	7	19	19
20—St. Johns	16	14	32	53—Duchesne	7	19	16
21—Uintah	16	18	*	54—Morgan	7	10	20
22—Weber	16	20	26	55—Wayne	7	12	24
23—Blackfoot	15	18	28	56—Benson	6	8	26
24—Davis	15	18	27	57—Parowan	6	8	13
25—San Luis	15	15	20	58—Star Valley	6	11	26
26—Union	15	21	25	59—Summit	6	12	26
27—Bear Lake	14	15	22	60—Pocatello	5	8	*
28—Big Horn	13	17	27	61—Yellowstone	5	9	21
29—No. Sanpete	13	13	23	62—Beaver	3	10	19
30—St. George	13	10	21	63—Panguitch	3	8	17
31—St. Joseph	13	17	23	64—Rigby	3	9	22
32—Alpine	11	14	24	65—Cache	2	23	30
33—Bingham	11	12	25	66—Kanab	0	5	17

A new book has just issued from the press of the *Deseret News*, entitled "After Twenty Years," by Dr. George W. Middleton. Here is a paragraph quoted from it, on work:

"The world has not much to bestow upon the man who will not work. It is the get-up-and-get that makes men great. Go to the home of the successful farmer and you will find the dews of the morning upon his rugged brow. You will see the last glimmer of evening's twilight fall upon him as he still bends over his unfinished task. Go to the home of the scholar and you will find him poring over his books in the silent hours of the night when all the world besides is hushed in slumber. For God has set a price upon everything in this world that is worth having, and he who would possess must pay the price of the thing he covets.

"Again, the importance of frugality as a factor of success cannot be overestimated. If your compensation is a dollar a day, and you live on seventy-five cents a day, your credit will gradually grow as the balance of each day is added to your possessions. But if with an income of a dollar a day your expenditure is a dollar and a quarter a day, you will as certainly come to discredit as the night will follow the day. Nature deals with us justly but not mercifully. She makes cold mathematical deductions in her verdicts. She balances the ledger with unerring accuracy, and announces the verdict at the close of every day. She fixes our credit among men by these daily bulletins, and whether we will or not, we must submit to the rating she puts upon us."

*Reports arrived too late to be included in classification.

Mutual Work

Helpful Hints

(For Directors of Boys' Choruses, Y. M. M. I. A.)

BY PROF. EVAN STEPHENS

This is written to aid the M. I. A. Junior Choruses to excel in the rendition of the "Boy Scouts' Chorus," the contest piece for the next musical contest of the M. I. A.

The first and most important item towards superior excellence of rendition of music, is the organization of the chorus itself. Without the greatest care in selecting the voices most suited to each part to be sung, the good rendition of that part becomes from the first an impossibility. Every boy selected to sing the upper part should be able to reach the D Flat (fourth line, treble cleff) with ease and freedom. If he can do this, the fuller the voice the better will be the effect, provided that coarseness does not mar the fullness. Remember that one rather harsh, shrill voice that has to strain to reach this top note may spoil your entire chorus. The second part can be safely left to the boys who have good, full voices not yet "changed" into bass or tenor, or to a "man voice." As a rule this "change" does not occur in a boy's voice before he is about fourteen years of age, but remember you cannot depend upon the age, as this change of voice differs, over a period of three or four years, in different boys. You must hear that the boy sings up like a woman before selecting him for either the first or second part. Find out this matter by having the boys of your association sing the treble of any of the familiar songs. Sing at your meetings before you take up this chorus at all, and the boys who sing this treble like a girl should be set aside for the two upper parts. Those who will sing it down unconsciously, even though softly, will have "changed" voices, and will be unfitted for upper parts, and if used at all should be for the bass part. In this voice testing, let the boys all sing together. It might frighten them too much to sing separately. Any good listener can hear, by getting fairly close, whether a boy is singing up or down. As fast as you hear and decide, set the high-voiced boys in a row by themselves until you have them all separated from the low (changed) voices. Next select the boys for the second voice. Out of the unchanged voices take any who may have sung alto before, if any have done so; if not, take the larger or stouter boys in preference to the more slightly or delicately-built, dividing the whole number of unchanged voices into two equal groups. The more you have the better, the more good you are accomplishing; and then, by letting all the balance learn to sing bass you will turn your association into a chorus or singing class. Here find out just how many will work, and to clinch the matter have every one who means business sign for a copy of the chorus (10c each), and you are ready for a start in learning "The Scout Boys' March."

SUGGESTIONS

If you have only two copies, one for the conductor and one for the accompanist, you can make a start. Have them learn by note, ear,

or imitation, the drum imitation section, and the shout ("hooray"). It will make a merry diversion if you are not too serious about it. First teach the two repeated measures only, this will familiarize all with the manner of rendering the "rub, ruba-dub, dub, dub, dub, dub." Then when that is done properly, add the next four measures, calling attention to the slight change in the last measure but one. Note that the first two measures, after the repeat, are an exact imitation of the first measure, and that the measure following is the only really new one, the last being the same as the second measure. Then when the part is all put together mechanically, try the crescendo effect, that is, starting almost in a whisper, and gradually singing louder and louder through the last four measures. Do not try to attain full singing power for this; that must appear only when they sing in shouting fashion the "hooray."

Study the latter by first having all the men give it (the bass) strongly to pitch, holding it until you count seven exactly, chopping it off sharply on the seventh. Then add your second alto, and finally your first alto, doing it over and over with care, until it rings out a strong harmonic shout. (Any hanging on, after the seventh beat, will ruin the effect.)

This preliminary work will create much interest, if done well and heartily, and perhaps is about all that should be done before the individual copies arrive, even if it takes two or more weeks. Then, in taking up the march, or song proper, let me recommend first the mastery of the words,—two lines only at a time. Some will prefer, and I should myself, having the second alto by themselves, alone, for say twenty minutes, or better, a whole evening, in a separate room or house to get them well started. Indeed, the enthusiastic director will get all the separate practice he can with each part, either in full or a half dozen leaders, before the first full rehearsal. Then take the song up in short sections, two lines at a time, until each of the three parts are going with certainty. When the song is absolutely mastered to the first double bar, or second page of the music, remember that though you have reached only to less than the end of one-third of the music, you have mastered really more than three-fourths of the work. In repeating from the words, "the bright and the true," the second verse is sung ending in the words, "A friend's heavy load." Compare well the two endings, so the boys will look out for the difference.

If after even preliminary part rehearsals you can get this far well done, at the first full rehearsal, you are doing well, and perhaps better than if you try further.

Prepare now the next section, in the same manner that you did the first, going no further than, "the whole day long." Then when this is going all right end by singing verses one and two. If they are right well learned there will be very little forgetting, but remember to "make haste slowly;" what is learned too quickly is quickly forgotten.

"When the way is dark" is our next task, try to catch the intense undertone, mysterious, almost "boogybooyish" way of expressing it from the first,—swelling the tone where marked. If a little overdone at first, it will modify itself later, out of the crude into the artistic, dramatic effect intended. The shout is repeated at the close of this, and then while we have the march of the first verses here, we find things all changed so that we need our separate rehearsals again to master each part. The boys of the first alto to whistle a new tune, or melody, while the second alto sings the old tune to the first verse; the bass only singing its old time notes to the words. To get this

whistling as good as possible, try and discover one or two better and best whistlers, in your society—some who have the gift, and let all the other boys try and imitate. There will be lots of work about this, but an equal lot of diversion, and interest created. To vary an exercise and avoid monotony, you have now the other parts to sing over, and the two closing lines to learn.

GENERAL HINTS

To get superior effects, prize-winning ones, in addition to the general correct rendition of the whole piece, certain things and touches must be emphasized. I will name a few.

Wherever there is a pause, it must be made impressive, noticeable, whether it be silence or holding the tone.

Wherever there is a staccato mark, it must be clean-cut—without jerking.

The singing of the first and second sections of the march especially; also when the melody recurs on the last page, the singing must be done with a light, bouyant, rhythmic swing, that gives it the character of youthful, springy stepping.

In the dark, mysterious parts, this should be forgotten, in a sense, in the other more important expression. And in the closing two lines, it must get firmer and heavier until it slackens and broadens into big, heavy steps in the last line, ending with full power and the last note to strict time.

The words must naturally be brought out in the clearest distinctness throughout. Remember the singing is entirely the expression of what you are saying. You will notice that I advise that the entire association learn to sing it, and then later select out of your then plentiful material the required number for the contest. In this way you will not only do vastly more good by the learning, but you will have the chance to select the best material in the community to enter the competition. It is poor economy to try and get along with as few copies as possible, at first especially, of course; later, no one should use a copy when singing, but a copy for each member will be useful in many ways, such as in rehearsing—to take with them when they go on a mission, to have in the house. Many a music copy has resulted in a family becoming musical.

New Regulation for Collecting the M. I. A. Fund

At a meeting of the General Board held on the 16th of December, it was ordered that the General Fund be based on the active enrollment in our associations, and that a roll of honor be established on the basis of the payment of 100% of the active enrollment. Also that another roll of honor be established on active membership, to be based on 12% of the Church population.

In case each member does not contribute 25 cents, the amount of the fund, presidents and superintendents are at liberty to collect the balance by concert, or entertainment, or by any other honorable method.

A roll of honor will be opened for the stakes having the largest enrollment, and the campaign for 12% of the Church population to be enrolled in Mutual Improvement Associations of the young men will be continued. The membership committees should get after this work immediately if they have not already secured the 12%. It is

expected that before the first week in February, the fund will be collected and that immediately thereafter the amounts will be remitted to the General Secretary, and not kept until May, as some stakes have done heretofore. Prompt action, brethren, in matters of finance make lasting friends.

Three New Instructions for Winding up the Season's Work

At the meeting of the General Board Y. M. M. I. A., held November 11 last, it was ordered and recommended that each association, at the close of the year's work, hold a meeting at which the annual statistical and financial reports should be presented and approved, and a report made of the various activities carried out in the association for the past year.

At this meeting, also, the list of junior boys who have passed successfully the first and second year's courses, should be presented, in order to give due recognition to them in the ward.

The officers for the ensuing year should, as far as possible, also be presented and voted on by the associations, so that they will be prepared to carry on the summer's work, and be ready to take up the regular work as soon as the convention season opens in the fall. Officers will kindly bear this in mind and give proper instructions thereon to their associations. They are also advised to forward their reports, at once, after the final meeting to the stake secretary, so that he may be able to compile his stake report and have it in this office on time.

The City Boys' Industrial Contest

The winners in the Y. M. M. I. A. City Boys' Industrial Contest last summer, were, left to right: Samuel Stewart, 12 years old, 740 East Broadway, first prize, \$40; Albert H. Reiser, age 17, 554 South Eighth East, second prize, \$30; Eugene Hinckley, 15 years old, 723



East Seventh South, third prize, \$20; Wilford Reichmann, 16 years old, 943 East Fourth South, fourth prize, \$10. About thirty boys were entered in the contest, the object of which was to impress on the Mutual boys the value and use of money, encourage them to work, and to save money during their summer vacations. The winner of the first prize worked as a cash boy at Z. C. M. I. and later at one of the concessions at Saltair. He earned, on an average, \$1 a day, besides caring for the lawn at his home and cultivating a small garden which supplied the family with vegetables during the summer. The winner of the second prize worked at Lagoon and earned \$135, saving virtually all his money to pay for his school tuition and books for the winter. The winner of the third prize worked at the freight depot of the O. S. L. railroad and saved \$120. The winner of the fourth prize worked at a soda fountain during his vacation and earned \$101. He paid his parents for his board, purchased books for his schooling, and had \$50 left. The judges of the contest were Mayor Samuel C. Park, Hon. W. W. Riter, and Judge Elias A. Smith. On the 9th of December the boys appeared before the General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A. President Heber J. Grant, in an encouraging speech to the boys, presented the prizes. A similar contest for the school vacation, for the summer of 1915, will be held under the auspices of the Vocations and Industries Committee of the General Board of Y. M. M. I. A. The contest is open to all city boys who enter under the regulations of the General Board.

The Reading Course

The following members of the M. I. A. who have read the Reading Course books reside in Castle Dale, Emery stake:

Senior class—"Philosophy of Mormonism," "Their Yesterdays," "Chester Lawrence," read by Hyrum S. Rasmussen; "The Fair God," "The Philosophy of Mormonism," by Clarence Clair; "The Fair God," Floyd Day and Horace Larsen; "The Philosophy of Mormonism," Samuel H. Larsen. Junior class—"Cattle Ranch to College," Perry Day, Joseph Jameson, Harold Jameson; "The Young Farmer," Perry Day; "Chester Lawrence," Randall Andersen, Hector Petersen; "Their Yesterdays," James Rasmussen.

Vocation Counselors

Attention is called to a recent recommendation made by the Committee on Vocations and Industries, and approved by the General Board, that where ward associations have not yet chosen their vocation counselors, the president of the association shall act in that capacity, until some other suitable person can be found to take up this work.

Passing Events

The third session of the sixty-third Congress commenced on Monday, December 7, the first Monday in December being the day prescribed by the Constitution of the United States for the annual meeting of Congress. The session will expire by statute March 4, 1915, and the newly elected Congress will convene next December.

Mrs. Elizabeth Howe B. Hyde, the oldest resident of Logan, died November 24, age 101 years. She was born in Holliston, Middlesex county, Massachusetts, October 2, 1813. She joined the Church in 1838 and came to Utah in 1849. Her husband, William Hyde, was a member of the "Mormon" Battalion. All her faculties were intact to the last with the exception of failing eyesight.

George A. Black, formerly private secretary to Governor J. W. Shaffer of Utah, and acting-governor of Utah for several months, in 1870, died at Tacoma, Washington, November 27, 1914. His body was taken for burial to Freeport, Illinois. He was territorial secretary under Vernon H. Vaughan and was a veteran of the G. A. R. He had always considered himself a citizen of Utah since the time he came here, over forty years ago.

President Joseph Smith, of the Re-organized Church of Latter-day Saints, son of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and born in Kirtland, Ohio, Nov. 6, 1832, took ill on the morning of November 26 with heart failure superinduced by acute indigestion, and died at Independence, Mo., on the 10th day of December, 1914. He was appointed president of the Re-organized Church when it was organized in Amboy, Ill., in 1860, and acted in that capacity until his death. President Joseph F. Smith, of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, is a cousin of his. Frederick M. Smith will succeed Joseph Smith as president of the Re-organized Church.

Stewart Eccles, of Ogden, Utah, president of the London conference, died November 3, 1914, at "Deseret," London, England. He was a faithful and efficient missionary, and was filling his second mission in Great Britain, having arrived in Liverpool on the 5th of May, 1913. His remains were shipped on the "Adriatic" on the 11th of November in charge of R. Delbert Rasmussen of Ephraim, Utah. Marantha Eccles, the wife of the deceased, returned home on the same ship, having been a faithful companion and help meet to him in his missionary labors. Elder Eccles was a brother of the late David Eccles. The funeral was held in the Sixth ward chapel in Ogden, November 27, and he was buried in the cemetery at Eden.

James Andrus, son of Milo and Abigail Jane Daley Andrus, died at St. George, December 8. He was born June 14, 1835, in Florence, Ohio, and came to Utah, September 24, 1848. In 1857, he married Lora Altha Gibson. Later he married Mamonas Luvine, a sister of his first wife. Among his large family are many children and grandchildren who are prominent citizens of the community. He was a pioneer of St. George, and for many years was bishop there, a member of the High Council of St. George stake, a member of the first Utah state legislature, and has held many other prominent and responsible positions, civil and ecclesiastical. He was also an Indian war veteran,

and later a successful farmer, stock raiser, merchant and banker, and above all a faithful Latter-day Saint.

A new chapel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was dedicated at Independence, Mo., November 22, 1914. In giving an account of the dedication, *Liahona, the Elders' Journal* stated that it was the most notable gathering of Saints, from the standpoint of numbers, in the history of the Church since their expulsion in 1833 and 1834; and marked a new era in the history of the city of Independence of which all her substantial and progressive citizens are proud. President Joseph F. Smith offered the dedicatory prayer. Among President Smith's party were President Charles W. Penrose, Elders George Albert Smith and Joseph F. Smith, Jr., of the Council of the Twelve, Bishop C. W. Nibley, Presidents German E. Ellsworth, John L. Herrick, Charles A. Callis and Elder Benjamin Goddard.

The Utah Educational Association met during the Thanksgiving holidays in November, in Salt Lake City, and on the 24th elected Prof. Howard R. Driggs and Principal O. J. P. Widtsoe of the L. D. S. High School, president and vice-president, respectively, of that organization. W. S. Rawlings, of the Jackson school, Salt Lake, and D. A. Broadbent, superintendent of Wasatch county, were elected for three-year trustees; and C. H. Skidmore, superintendent of the Granite district, and Miss Millie Peterson, primary supervisor of Weber county, were elected for two-year trustees. A splendid feature of the educational meetings was the school chorus of 200 voices from the 6th, 7th, and 8th grade schools of Nephi, under Music Supervisor Carl Nelson, which appeared before the organization on November 24 and gave some splendid demonstrations of their musical ability.

Col. Wm. N. Fife, Indian fighter, "Mormon" pioneer, and personal friend of President U. S. Grant and General Sheridan, died at Ogden, October 21, 1914. He was a native of Scotland, 83 years of age. He built the Ogden tabernacle, the Weber county courthouse, the Central school, and other edifices about the city, and was marshal of Ogden for fourteen years. He joined the Church while in Scotland, and came to Salt Lake in 1853, removing to Ogden shortly thereafter. He was commissioned a colonel by President Grant, and did great work in suppressing Indian uprisings, in scouting, and in other military duties in Utah and adjoining states. He entertained President Grant and General Sheridan at his home in Ogden on their visit to Utah. He was a rough and ready officer of the law. At one time he captured single-handed, two notorious robbers who had pillaged the mails, and received a reward of one thousand dollars from the United States government.

Hyrum Goff, late president of the Jordan stake, first mayor of Midvale, and a prominent merchant of that city, died November 24, age 65 years. He was born in Long Whatton, Leicestershire, England, July 29, 1849. He came to America, crossing the plains in ox team, arriving in Salt Lake City, September, 1862, when thirteen years of age. He settled at West Jordan and established a store there which later became the mercantile concern of Goff & Company. He has occupied the positions of superintendent of the West Jordan Sunday school, counselor to Bishop John A. Egbert, of West Jordan ward, bishop of East Jordan, and first counselor to President O. P. Miller of the Jordan stake, and later became president of the stake in which position he served for thirteen years. He was sincere, kind, devoted and faithful. Funeral was held at Midvale chapel, Friday, November 27, and his body was laid to rest in the West Jordan cemetery.

The Situation in Mexico.—On the 20th of November the troops of General Carranza were withdrawn from Mexico City and General Villa, who was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces of the Provisional government of Gutierrez, and who was ordered to proceed against the forces of General Carranza, drew near the capital.

On the 23rd, the United States soldiers and marines who had been in Vera Cruz seven months were withdrawn. They were followed closely in their movement towards the boats by the Carranza forces, under General Aguilar, who took possession of the city. There was no formal transfer of the place to any authority. The American soldiers simply departed, all the factions in Mexico having given the guarantees that were demanded by the United States. In a proclamation Aguilar stated that foreigners should be protected. He closed the saloons and gave notice that citizens having arms must surrender them under penalty of death within twenty-four hours, also that all thieves would be shot. The United States troops found Vera Cruz a foul den of disease, but left it a clean and healthful city.

On the 26th, General Carranza entered the city passing under the arch of triumph. He came from Orizaba and asserted in a proclamation that Vera Cruz was now the only legal capital, and that the differences in Mexico can only be settled by arms. The United States battleships will remain in the harbor, although Carranza has asked the United States to withdraw them. Five hundred refugees left the city on a steamship chartered by General Funston. They were taken to Galveston, Texas. Mexico City was taken by Zapata with four thousand men, while Villa and his army remained at Tuala, a short distance from the capital.

On the 30th, General Pablo Gonzales proclaimed himself provisional president and appointed a cabinet. He was at Pahucha, forty miles northeast of the capital, with ten thousand men. Thus there are three governments proclaimed. Villa published a statement saying that he did not aspire to the presidency for which he knew he was unfitted, but only desired to make the Mexican people free. Affairs in the country seem more muddled and complicated than ever. On the northern border a long siege has been carried on by General Maytorena at Naco. Shooting over the border into the American side has been the cause of five killed and 42 wounded, and the Americans urgently protested to the Governor and to Washington. The result was that United States troops were ordered to Naco, and on Dec. 15 there were 5,000 men, the Washington government being determined not to tolerate firing across the border. Some time ago, the bandit Ynez Salazar escaped from prison in New Mexico, and is now leading men to conquer Chihuahua. On Dec. 15, it was reported that between 100 and 150 Mexicans had been secretly executed.

The Great War in Europe.—Five months or more have passed since the great war began, and yet no verdict of victory is in sight, though this war is carried out upon a scale unparalleled in the history of the world, involving, as it does, four continents and all the seven seas. It is still practically a drawn game. Since our last report closed, the field of big battle changed from Flanders, in the west, to Poland, in the east. Conflicting reports come of victories on both sides, but all that can certainly be said is that thousands upon thousands of human beings have been slaughtered in the great battle lines. Germany failed to reach the North Sea near Calais, the Allies holding them back, with terrible losses on both sides. The latest news indicates that the Allies are upon the aggressive. In the east there have been fierce conflicts with no decisive results. In the meantime, Bel-

gium is without food, and relief, by the ship load, is being forwarded to the starving population, from America. Poland is reported in similar condition to Belgium, in point of suffering. Opposing armies are driving each other back and forth, occupying and re-occupying cities and villages, inflicting upon the inhabitants bombardments, fire and sword, similar to those suffered in Belgium and northern France. It is reported that more than five hundred Polish towns have been ruined. The flight of the civilians from Lodz is said to have been one of the most tragic episodes of the war. The fate of Calisz is said to have been a repetition of Louvain. One of the sad features of the Poland fighting lines is the fact that blood kindred are pitted against each other. Several hundred thousand Poles were in the Russian ranks, and as many more in the ranks of the Germans and Austrians. A short chronology of the war follows:

November 15—Premier Asquith informed the House of Commons that fifty thousand British soldiers were killed, wounded or taken prisoners during August, September and October.

November 16—The flooding operations were continued in the canal systems of Belgium, making the German advance impossible at any point from the coast to Dixmude. The British House of Commons voted an additional credit of \$1,250,000,000 for war purposes, and authorized the enlistment of a million more men. Premier Asquith stated that the war is costing Great Britain five million dollars a day. Pope Benedict issued an encyclical urging peace among the warring nations. The Vodka prohibition in Russia was extended to other forms of alcoholic drinks and a stringent prohibition regulation goes into effect in all the Russian war zones.

November 17—The German squadron bombarded Libau, a Russian port on the Baltic.

November 18—Russian and Turkish fleets have an engagement in the Black Sea. "Goeben," one of the Turkish cruisers manned by Germans, received serious damage.

November 19—A strong German offensive movement in Poland checks the Russian advance toward the German frontier, and forces Russians back fifty miles toward Warsaw.

November 20—The Germans regain Lodz and Plock, in Poland.

November 21—Premier Borden, of Canada, announced that by the end of the year 108,000 Canadians will be under arms. Three great Russian armies are engaged in Poland in battles of great importance. In the north the Russians gained ground in East Prussia. In the south, the siege of Cracow began. In the center, the Russians claim to have checked the German offensive movement in Poland.

November 23—The Turks claim to have defeated the Indian troops east of Suez. The Russians retake Gumbinner in east Prussia.

November 24—The Portuguese parliament votes to support the Allies. British war ships bombarded Zeebrugge on the Belgian coast.

November 25—German invasion of Poland was checked at Lodz by a heavy counter attack from the Russians. The Germans mass troops at Arras.

November 26—The British battleship "Bulwark" was blown up in the Thames. The Russians defeat the Austrians east of Cracow.

November 27—The forces of the Germans, in Poland, were divided and partly surrounded by the Russians. German submarines entered British Channel and sunk two British cruisers.

November 28—In the battle between the Warta and the Vis-

tula, in Poland, both Russians and Germans lost heavily without definite results. The Austrians advanced southward in Servia.

November 29—The Germans attack in Argonne and Vosges. The invasion of the Russians into Hungary through the Carpathians was repulsed.

November 30—The Germans broke through the Russian ring at Lodz. Russia officially reports that 50,000 Austro-Hungarians and 600 officers were taken prisoners during the first half of November. Parcel post service is resumed between the United States and Germany.

December 1—Great activity was noted in the Kiel shipyards, and it was reported that the German fleet would take to the North Sea. General De Wet, leader of the South African rebellion, was captured by Colonel Britz, near Mafeking. The Prussian Reichstag votes \$1,250,000,000 as a new war credit.

December 2—Germany claims officially that on November 1 they had in prison or hospitals Allied prisoners as follows: Officers, 7,213; privates, 426,034. The Austrians take Belgrade.

December 3—King George visits the seat of war in Flanders and meets King Albert, but the war in the west is overshadowed by the great life and death struggle in Poland.

December 4—The French invade Lorraine, near Metz and Alsace near Altkirch.

December 16—The Italian Congress approves the government's policy of armed neutrality.

December 6—The Germans take Lodz, whence they were driven on a former retreat from Warsaw, and it is reported captured 100,000 Russians.

December 8—After two months' effort to drive through the battle front of the Allies, to retake Calais, the Germans find themselves compelled to fight on the defensive, and the offensive has passed to the French-British armies.

December 9—The German cruisers "Scharnhorst," "Gneisman," and "Leipzig," under Admiral Count Von Spee, were sunk off the Falkland Islands, in the Pacific, by a British Squadron commanded by Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Devonton Sturdee. The "Dresden" and "Nurnberg" succeeded in escaping.

December 10—The "Nurnberg," it is reported, was also destroyed by the British, and no loss to any of the British vessels is reported. Emperor William has been sick some days with a bronchial attack, but is reported better today.

December 12—Two German submarines were destroyed in Scottish waters, that had entered the Firth of Forth to destroy the British naval station. The French occupy the west bank of the Yser canal.

December 14—The Servians reoccupy Belgrade, having been inspired by King Peter to special effort by his visit and address on the field to his soldiers.

December 15—The Allies make a combined attack on the German line in Belgium from Hollebeke to Wytschaete. It is reported that Servia is almost freed from her foes.

December 16—A daring raid on the north-east coast of England was made at 8 a. m., by eight German battle and armed cruisers which bombarded Scarborough, Hartlepool, and Whitby, killing 146 people, wounding 226, doing much damage to property, and seriously alarming Great Britain. The German cruisers sailed away without injury, strewing the North Sea with mines that later destroyed several vessels. The incident gave a striking impetus to British recruiting.

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Ray Finlinson, Butte, Montana: "Much credit is due the publishers of the ERA because each treatise printed therein expresses the high ideals for which we are so faithfully and diligently seeking. Many things are discussed and made clear respecting doctrinal subjects as well as conditions now prevailing in the world."

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